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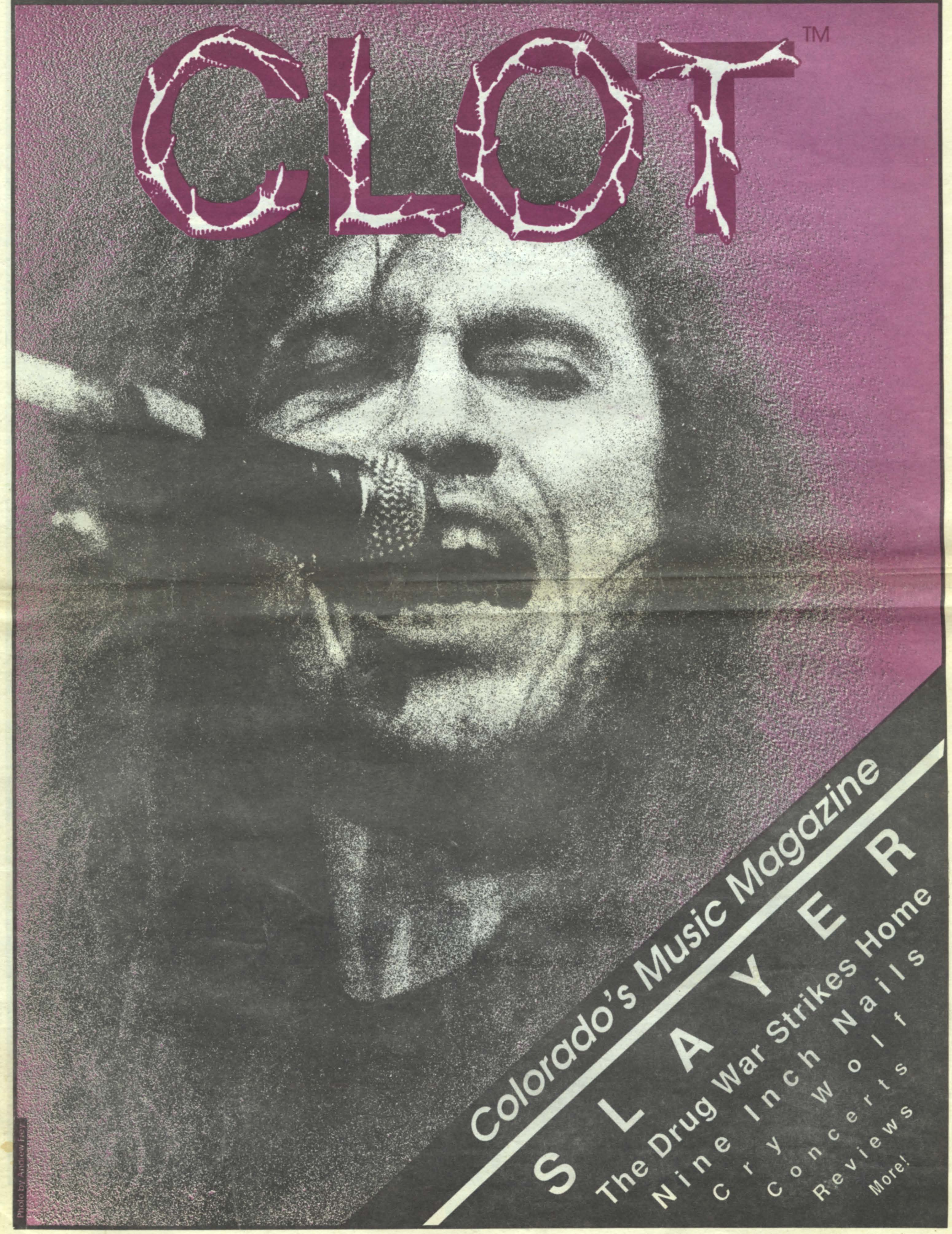
February 1991

Volume 2 Number 10

CLOT™



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Colorado's Music Magazine

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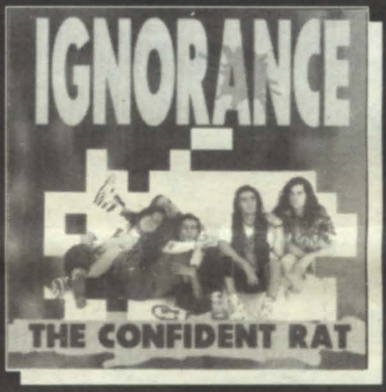
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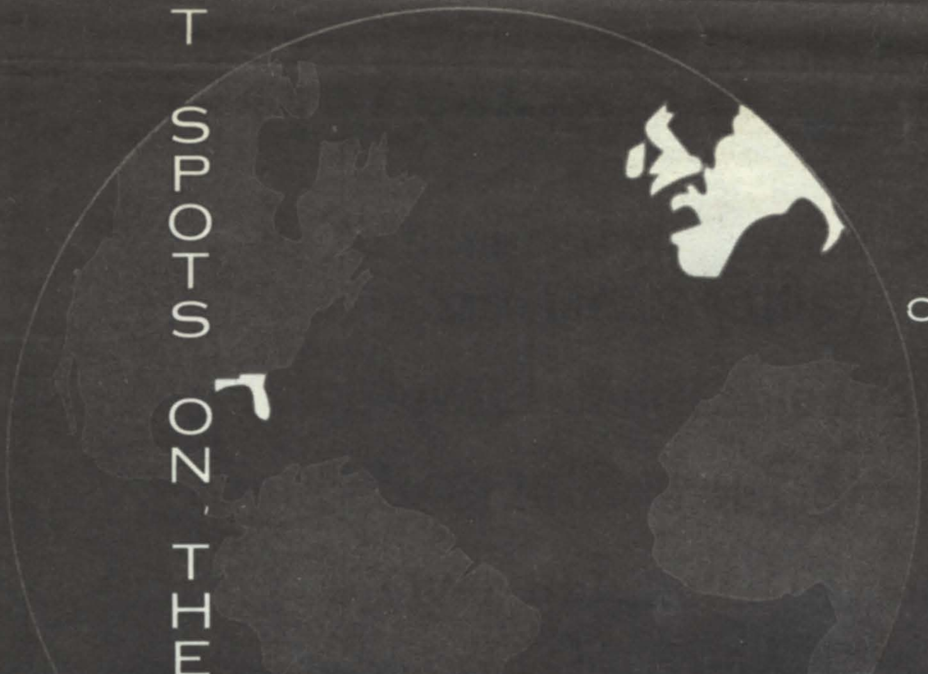

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—Senator Hiram Johnson, 1917

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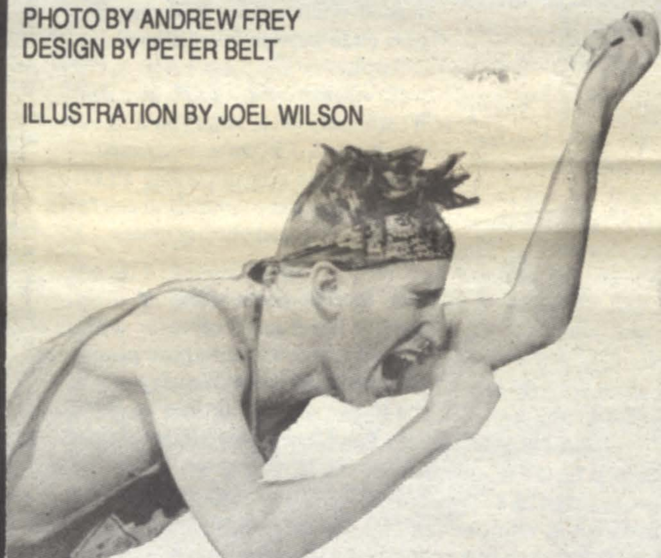

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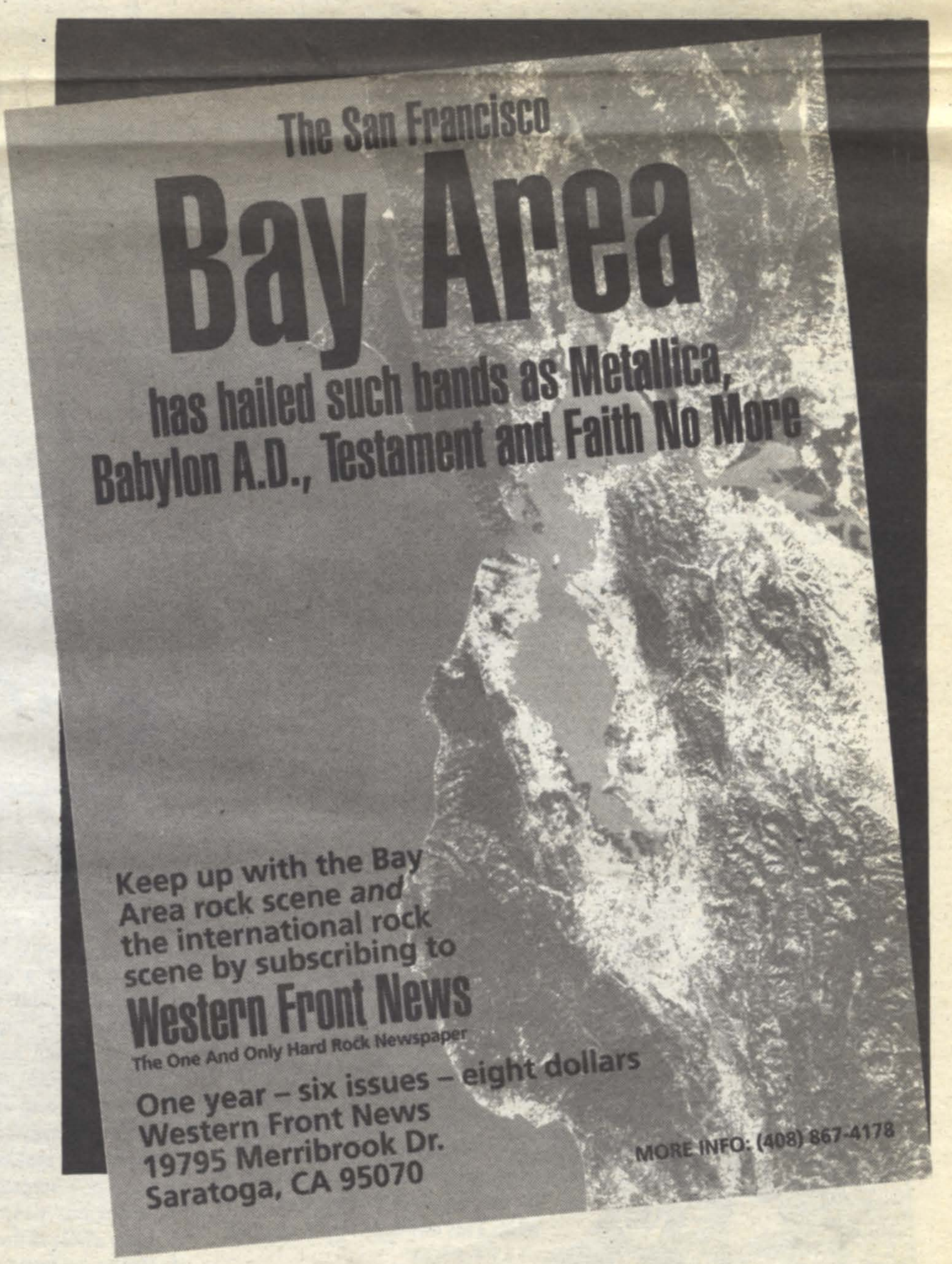

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CLOT

STOP THE BLEEDING

In these times of high fashion and technological progress, your president has put together a recipe for disaster. Make the rich richer, make sure that oil is still our #1 resource, and get rid of all that excess population that plagues him (which means you and me, if you are male and between the ages of 18 and 25).

I for one don't want to have any part in a war that I don't believe in, and don't think we can win with the tactics now being employed. The media has given us the picture that our so-called enemies are stupid and that their director is a madman. Sure Saddam may be crazy, but he's not stupid.

Sure Sadam should be stopped, but why are we focusing all our attention on one crazed oil-rich dictator when there are others doing worse things in their countries, but don't have the bucks and oil to merit the attention of the U.S.?

The thing that scares me shitless is that our madman isn't any better than theirs. Saddam seems like a psychotic genius when compared with Bush's lying and deceipt.

This isn't just a war on some puny, over-rich, oil-laden country, this is a war of communication, and a war on each American's rights. Who is trying to dictate what we see and therefore believe? Gee, it's Big Brother.

A lot of emphasis has been put on chemical warfare. Have you ever kicked back and thought about who's making all the money off of these deadly chemicals and their antidotes? You can bet the stocks of the U.S. pharmaceutical companies are going to skyrocket. Hell, they've been dumping drugs that are illegal in the U.S. on Third World countries for quite some time. President Bush is SO worried about all these Third World countries....

How many of you saw the glee in the eyes of all the strategists, analysts, and defense-type people who finally got to play with their billion-dollar toys? (Especially cool are those missiles with little TV transmittors in them. Sure, you lose the picture—not to mention that pricey little TV device—upon impact, but there's not substitute for a bomb's-eye view.)

Did you ever wonder what kind of monetary figure they place on each troop over there? How many troops = 1 Scud missile? How many troops = 1 Stealth bomber? "Collateral damage" is what they call the number of corpses on the "other side." What will they call the losses to our troops when they begin to release the daily death tolls that are sure to rise soon. Sure, support the war; help them kill your friends and family members who are unfortunate enough to be over there. Take a stand, speak out!

Anyway, we at CLOT are concerned about what's really going on, and what kind of shit our slime-ridden government is putting over on us, actions that could fuck us all over for years to come. Big Brother has and will continue to divert our attention from the actual problems and remedies of the crisis we're in. This is a war that we probably aren't going to get much out of. Just a lot of dead friends and families. Sure, "our boys" may eventually make it back, but will their minds still be fully functional? Will their spirits ever be the same?

So keeping this all in mind, we are bringing you several tidbits of useful information, and a few thots too. If you're worried about the draft, check out **Do You Feel a Draft?** in this issue. I don't want to be forced to fight for something I don't believe in. Do you?

We held the paper back a day so we could finish the piece on the local "drug war." This is a very important issue because of the questionable means and tactics used on the 'head shop' owners in Denver. It seems to come down to a simple issue of harassment, but these stores may or may not be able to keep up with their financial obligations. Support them in their cause.

Some of you may think that I'm anti-American because of what I'm saying. That's not true. I'm anti-greed, anti-lies, anti-corruption, and anti-petroleum. America does not need to be dependent on petroleum; big business has just made it that way by cutting funding to alternative energy sources, and only letting the public see the Big Oil picture. This is utter bullshit, and will continue until more people take a stand against it. "Fuel" is not synonymous with "oil." Remember that!

Just let me leave you with one final thot. "No new taxes." "Not another Vietnam." Two of Bush's statements to the U.S. Did he keep his word on the first issue? Do you think he'll keep it on the second? I do feel this won't be another Vietnam. This one's gonna be one hell of a lot worse.

Andrew E. Frey

MAIL

A NEW ASSHOLE

CONGRATULATIONS CLOT MAGAZINE:

For the past year your publication has soared to new heights of classlessness and tastelessness, while plummeting to new depths of mediocrity. I can only liken your "rag" and staff to a group of imbecilic Kindergartners [sic], wearing make-up and playing newspaper reporters. Your inexperienced, unprofessional, and totally tasteless brand of journalism, (and I use the term loosely) is the prime example why America is crying for tougher censorship laws. Your publication has abused our rights and made a mockery of the freedoms of speech and the press. CLIT magazine is perfect illustration of, "just because it's free, doesn't mean it's good". I must concede however, that your newspaper is well qualified to report on the moronic mentality of the young inexperienced, immature, unprofessional fad-following slugs on the Denver music scene.

TO THE EDITOR: Don't you feel a certain responsibility to your readers to print the TRUTH? Obviously not! Is it vanity, or maybe a joke, or just the opportunity to print your own classless, self-righteous, pathetically narrow-minded opinion?

After reading some of SNOT magazine's musical reviews, I am lead to believe that your subjects are paying you to print their articles and interviews. I sure hope the local band RUDE paid you handsomely, because that band of spoiled rich brats have no musical merits. In fact RUDE has no redeeming qualities whatsoever, and they have to be absolutely, undeniably unmistakably the worst rock band in town, and probably on the entire planet. What I find even more disgusting is that you cretins at CLOT think that this band of zeroes are good.

Another one of your choice reviews was on a local band UPGRADE, or UPSTART 'er UPSTAGE, or something like that—you know the musical minuses I'm referring to. After seeing these guys and then reading their interview in your journal, I have come to the conclusion that ROT magazine has no conscience or taste. Anyone with a conscience wouldn't print such blatant, bold-face jive about audio sewage.

It is sad that the city of Denver doesn't have a decent musical scene, but your rag only makes matters worse by reporting on the worst of the worst. It must be nice to publish a newspaper for all five of your friends, they must be impressed, they are the ONLY ones, Take a que from all morbid drawings that clutter your paper. DROP DEAD, or maybe go back to Kindergarten and get a real life, do anything, just stop boring us with your pre-adolescent attempts at journalism and doodling. Grow up, acquire some taste, get a real job, get into something you know something about, because it is obvious you don't know your ass from a hole in the ground about music. While you're at it check with a doctor about having your head surgically removed from your ass before you suffocate. (Naw, don't do that; nobody would be able to recognize you then).

I hope I have given you the impression that I think your pathetic excuse for a music journal makes me nauseous, but this is probably what SLIT magazine is trying to achieve. CONGRATULATIONS you made me sick! I hope 1991 finds all the staff members at CLUCK magazine, destitute and homeless, poverty stricken and diseased. You really do deserve the worst that life has to offer, cause rock n' roll never forgets, and you've got a lifetime of bad karma ahead of you all.

Your Poison Pen Pal,

Jack Mehoff

Dear Jack,

Boy, are we cowed! MoooOOO! The question now, after reading your letter, is, how can we in good conscience apply our black lipstick to our bovine mouths, before unqualifiedly heading off to cover another band and destroy the First Amendment?

I'll tell you: there's nothing like being accused of foisting "classless, self-righteous, pathetically narrow-minded opinions" by someone who goes on to indulge in what he claims to despise.

Don't like what CLOT includes? Write us and tell us what you'd like to see, instead. Or write it yourself—anybody who's been reading CLOT steadily must have noticed our call for writers, artists and photographers.

What bands do *your* five friends want to hear about, Jack? You obviously have some drive to write, otherwise you wouldn't have penned such a lengthy letter. We suggest you shit or get off the pot: Join us (we'd even proofread your stuff), move out of Denver, ignore us, or, better yet, start your own publication and see if it survives longer than we have.

Still kickin' butt,

FRXD

AN OFFER WE CAN'T REFUSE

Dear Mr. Frey,

After reading the most recent issue of your magazine, I was struck with the idea of a whole issue being devoted exclusively to local music. I've always been of the opinion that Colorado has some of the best bands in the country. I myself have been an active participant in local music for the past ten years. That's why I'm writing.

The most difficult aspect of being in a band in Denver is getting your music heard outside the state. There are no record labels, and demo cassettes, the area's bands preferred way of getting their music out, are not taken seriously by anyone out of the state. So when my band set out to record in the studio we decided we wanted vinyl. With no local label and no out-of-town interest we did what we had to do. We formed our own label. It's called Booze Fighter records and features the Choosey Mothers seven-inch e.p. as its debut release. But indeed Booze Fighter is a newly budding entity whose second release is already done and scheduled for an early January release. That is a 7-inch by Poison Bone which features Trashcan Pussy and Firecracker.

At this time Booze Fighter is very small and very exclusive, so for that reason I'd appreciate a mention in your upcoming local issue, but I don't want to look like some new industry mogel, if you know what I mean. In fact, it is probably best to let me answer any questions regarding the label in my own words. It is my understanding that Roxanna Alday is now working on your paper, which is excellent because she is the only journalist I feel deserves the exclusive opportunity to report the Booze Fighter story. Please have Ms. Alday contact me if she wishes to set up a time. Of course certain conditions must apply:

1. The entire interview will take place in my truck, where we listen to the new Booze Fighter stuff, as well as any other local music Ms. Alday wants to bring. This could go big. We could do the whole local catalogue and review everything into a hand-held tape recorder.
2. We will drink giant bottles of Budweiser beer (quart size).
3. It is advisable that we wear disguises. I suggest a rubber Saddam Hussein mask for Ms. Alday with maybe an authentic 7-11 uniform. I will wear rubber stretch underwear and a Dean Martin mask. (Someone should plan on martinis).
4. We will drive to an undisclosed location where I will perform a secret ceremony, which Roxanna will witness.
5. During the entire evening I will answer questions on the following topics: Drugs, raw meat sex orgies, Choosey Mothers, Booze Fighter, Trontils, censorship in America, the real facts about music seminars, NHL Hockey, the last gasp for decadence in Aurora (as well as their outward mobility problem), the Middle East crisis, George Bush's weird calm, and the mounting pressure for us all to take up arms.

I am willing to deviate this agenda some, but the real fact is I have important information to impart on the general public, and Ms. Alday is who I wish to do the translating. Also, it should be noted that a third Booze Fighter releases is in the negotiating stages with local rockers Malice in Wonderland. Please advise soon.

Sincerely,

Arnie A. Beckman

GETO BLASTER

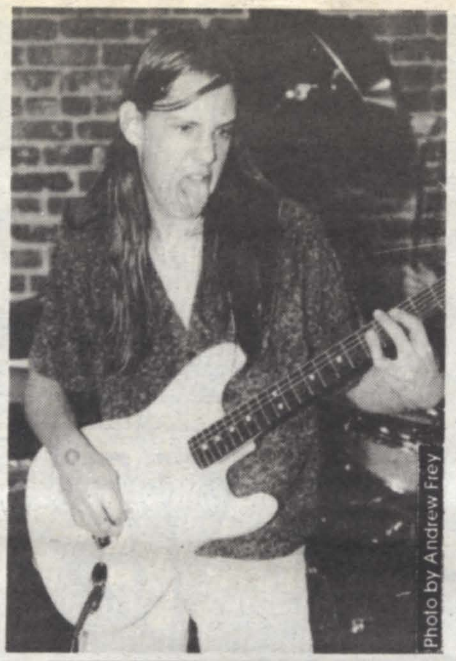
Rx:

Hello. Just writing 2 say that your column is way cooler in *CLOT* than it was in *WESTYUPPIEWORD*. You did make a big mistake in your column in issue #9 (Number 9, Number 9, Number 9...). The Geto Boys LP on Def American is *not* their debut. The Geto Boys have two independent LPs out (most of the 1990 version was just re-recordings of songs off those two LPs) and a Willy Dee solo LP, all on Houston's RAP-A-Lot records. Just thought you should know.

Michael

Phantasmorgasm

MAIL *Continued on page 25*



A Tasty Zombie Treat!

Photo by Andrew Frey

Arnold Swenson
Torso Twistin'.

DAY OF DECISION: On January 15 most of the CLOT staff attended "A Concert for Peace" at the Mercury Cafe. While we and hundreds of other people joined with local artists, dancers and musicians in "a moment of celebration of life, peace and awareness" (not to mention some serious partying and dancing to **Big Foot Torso**), someone somewhere was deciding that our country would go to war the next day. Ironically, we were also celebrating the first anniversary of CLOT.....ATTN BANDS: In case you haven't heard, CLOT is working on an all-local issue. Musicians of all genres are encouraged to let us know you exist. To be included in this issue, send info, demos, whatever to P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248....But if you're finding Denver a musical dead-end, why not renounce your U.S. citizenship and move to France, where the government recently put up 40 million francs ($8 million) to fund rock and rap. No shit. **Bruno Lion**, a 27-year-old Parisian, was recently named "Minister for Rock 'n' Roll".....Or you could move to the Bay Area, where the local music scene showed great support for the members of San-Francisco based **Death Angel**, whose RV crashed while on tour in December. Performing at a benefit for the band were members of **Forbidden, Tesla, Heathen,** and **Metallica**. Talk about a GREAT local scene. Incidentally, DA's *Act III* album has been nominated for a Bammie for Best Metal Album.....And there's always Seattle. Former **Jux County** drummer **Mallette Maloney** found fruit (or is it fruitcakes?) there, and is now playing with the notoriously un-slender **Tad**, who is currently touring in support of *8-Way Santa*, their new LP. A 1990 article on Sub-Pop labelmates Tad and **Nirvana** in England's *Melody Maker* reveals that the Tad band's favorite on-the-road song is **The Fluid**'s "Try, Try, Try." Also, Nirvana recalls a DJ friend playing a **Warlock Pinchers** song: "He was deejaying some mod party or other and played this song called "Morrissey Rides a Cockhorse," and they were gonna kill him." Oh, those Pinchers.... Back on the home front we have some supportive types, too. **Nick Trombetta** of **Wanker** got seven local bands, including **Fourth Estate, Hanging Tree, Fear of Sleep** and **Angellic Rage,** to compile a cassette to send to "the troops is Saudi Arabia." The bands also did a couple of benefit shows to pay for the project, called *A Peace of Denver*.....In other local news: **Dogbite** is now known as **Rope**, and the word is they're funkier this way.....**Cerium** is so excited cuz they're re-united and once again in the frolicking in the wonderous realm of speed metal hell....And that ever-roving bassist **Rich Ross**, formerly of **Corruption, Innocent Addiction** and **Psychonaut**, has floated over to wage music with **Assault**.....Celebrity bassist **Tom Clenin** has been jamming with **Acid Pigs** lately, but remains with **Cremation** (who will be back on the scene as soon as vocalist **Leonard Leal** gets out of jail) and will continue to grind out **Anathema** as a tapes-only project.....Good news for metal and thrash bands "with new and even experimental ideas": New Renaissance Records, a rapidly growing label that is home to such bands as **Sepultura** and **Hellion,** is looking to sign five new acts. The label recently signed **Blood Feast** from Kansas, and if it can happen in Kansas, it can happen in Denvoid. Submit cassette or CD demos to NR at P.O. Box 11372, Burbank, CA 91510-1372.....Former Colorado Springs-based **Jag Panzer** has an album, *Ample Destruction*, due out February 8 on Metal Blade. The release date was reportedly pushed back because the band was "missing"......Also from the Springs: Promotion for a **Laurie Anderson** lecture, part of a Colorado College symposium on the future, failed to mention that she wasn't doing one of her art/music performance/concerts. Many left disappointed and disillusioned.....Sad news for fans of **24-7 Spyz;** vocalist **Peter Fluid** quit the band during a recent tour with **Jane's Addiction**: A little bit of **Perry Farrell** goes a long way, eh Pete? Meanwhile **Primus**, the quirky thrash-funk band that filled in for the Spyz when J.A. (Jack Ass?) played Denver, has left Caroline Records for InnerScope.....Soon is the time to catch the **Psychodelic Zombiez**, who have teemed up with the former keyboardist and drummer from **Symposium.** "The Zombiez free and original sound—a spontaneous combustion of thrash, funk, psychedelic, metal, and blues—brings joy and happiness to the hearts and flanks of their listeners," says CLOT music critic/advice columnist **FRXD.** "'Too Many Yuppies,' the Zombiez send-up cover of Primus' 'Too Many Puppies,' is a stroke of pure musical genius.".....Medications are reportedly under control in **Pil-Bug** land, with remaining members **Moran, Milsapp** and **Young** decribing their trio as a "New and improved musical organization." Meanwhile **Augy et. al.** is more famous than ever, having received a write-up on his "condition" in a major daily newspaper.....**Choosey Mothers** have released a 4-song e.p. called "D.U.I." on their own Booze Fighter label (see MAIL for details).....**Third Mist** is reportedly putting finishing touches on a demo....Decent tunes and cool DJs on the danceclub/bar scene: The **Deadbeat Club**, located downstairs at 4040 E. Evans, has **Peter "Troll"** spinning disks Wednesdays through Saturdays. At a recent **Nine Inch Nails** after-show party, spins included **Soup Dragons, Chilis** and **Ministry**. This place is worth checking out for the splatter art, not to mention the stunning collection of troll dolls on display at the DJ booth.....**Boyd Rice** explores the art of bar DJ'ing as he brings "The In Sounds from Way Out" Thurdays from 9 to 1 at the **Lion's Lair** at 2022 E. Colfax (right next to the Emporium of Design, which is open late and well worth a visit if you're into body art). Selections range from **Tiny Tim** and **Roger Miller** to **Psychic TV** and **Mrs. Miller;** "Come Hear: Exotic Music, Monster Go-Go, Fifties Space Music, Psycho Country, Psychodelic Muzak." Highly recommended listening here, and coupled with the psycho-porno piano work of **Dinky** (the lounge lizard equivalent to **G.G. Allin**), this is one of the most happening scenes in town.....Which brings us to: CONTEST ALERT! 1) Imagine **Donny Osmond** surrounded by four bimbo babes (photo shot during videotaping of his "sizzling" "Sure Lookin'" video); 2) Fill in Donny's thought bubble with a "scintillating quip"; 3) Mail to Insanely Jealous *Label Copy* Editor, Capitol Records, 1750 N. Vine St., T-7, Hollywood, CA 90028; 4) Win a personal answering machine message created by "the one and only" Donny Osmond. And have a scintillating day. —CLOT Staff

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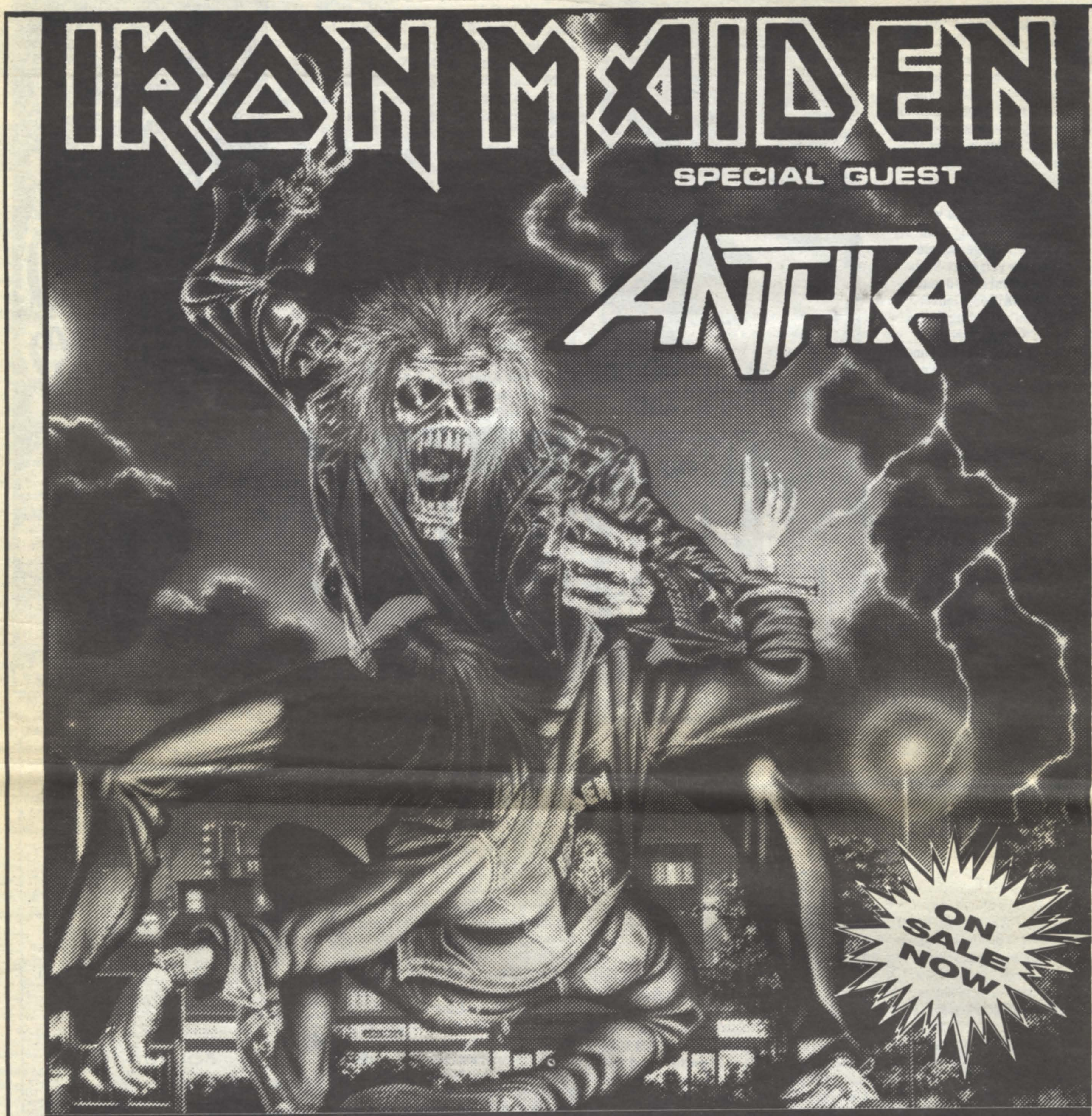

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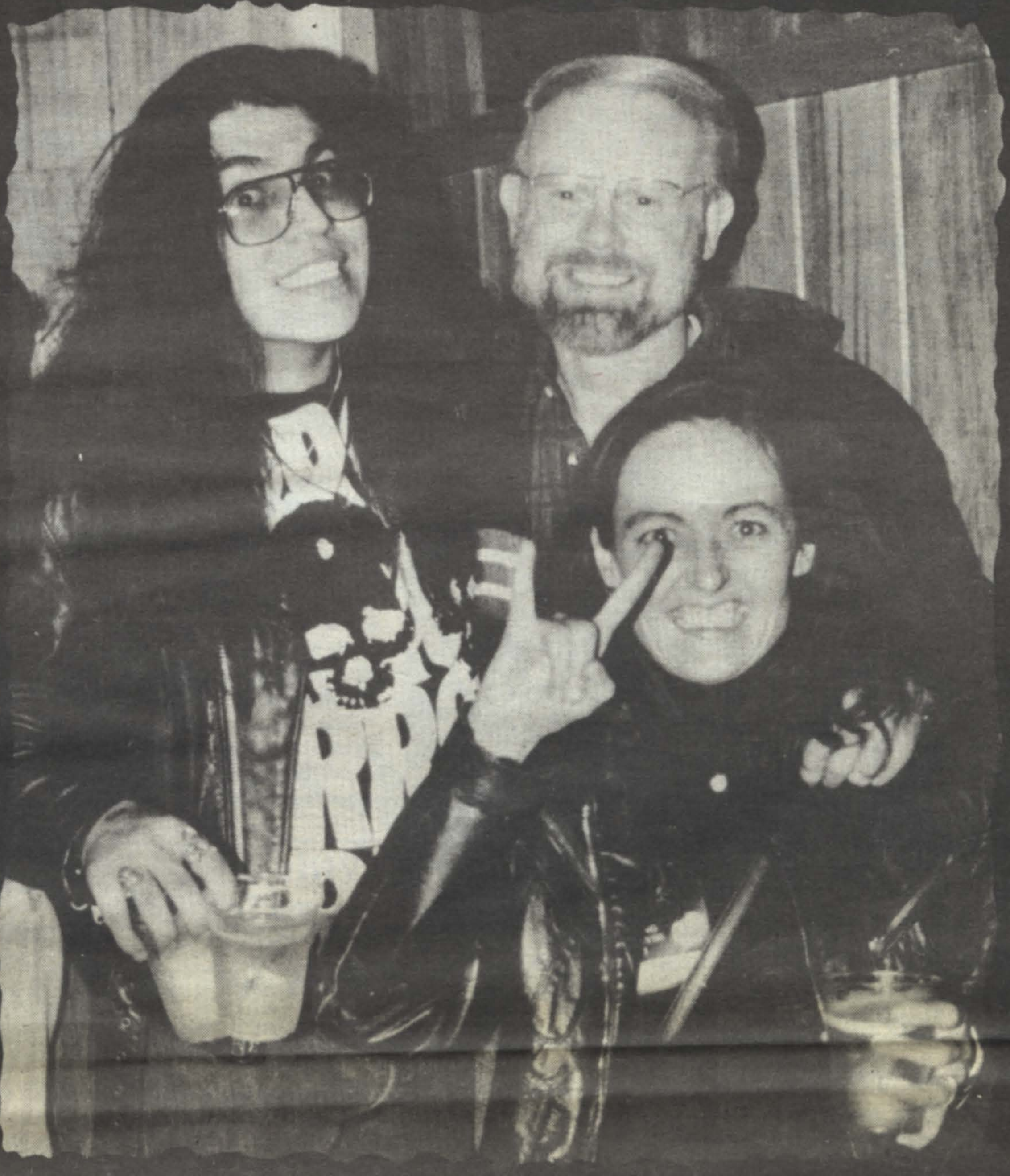


The "Prayer Family" becomes a reality: Satanists, witches, metal music fans, drug addicts, the unreachable (CLOT staffers Tom Clenin and Rx) meet up with radio "minister" Bob Larson at the Slayer concert at Mammoth Events Center.

Photo by Andrew Frey

BACK-TALK: Will this year be the end of TALK-BACK on your station? That's what a January 4, 1991 letter "From the Desk of **BOB LARSON**" asks before it goes into a three-page plea for funds to "end the agony of our financial decline." In case you missed CLOT #5 (which featured a decapitated likeness of Larson on the cover), you might not know that Larson hosts a syndicated radio "ministry" based out of Denver. The thrust of this ministry is to attack "satantic" rock and rap music and "win souls for the Lord." But to hear what it's really about, listen to TALK-BACK at 2 p.m. weekdays (on the AM dial, somewhere in the vicinity of Z-ROCK). It's the most entertaining show on the radio.

We were not amused, however, when Larson took CLOT to task on TALK-BACK, making grossly inaccurate statements about how "these people want me dead! They want my head, just like John the Baptist!" When we called in to counter his claims, we were told that before being allowed on the air, we must give Larson permission to use anything we said in any form he wished. We declined, fearing that our words would become part of Larson's next overpriced and titillating *Satantism: Is Your Family Safe?* series of books, videos or cassettes.

Well, we finally got our chance to give Bob a little back-talk of our own, when vivacious CLOT staffer **TOM CLENIN** spotted the minister-about-town at the January 18 **SLAYER** show. "Hey, I know you, you're famous!" Clenin cried. "I saw you on the cover of CLOT Magazine!" When I confronted Larson about his on-air comments about CLOT and what amounted to denying us our right to "Talk Back," Larson invited us to come on the show—on the condition that we sign the permission slip. Again we declined.

We suggest that you also get on Larson's mailing list (P.O. Box 36-A, Denver, CO 80236). Then you too can keep up on Larson's latest sales pitches, which include such priceless statements as "Rap groups like **2 LIVE CREW** flaunt their filth on national TV. (Thank God I was able to confront them twice last year on the *Donahue* show.)." You can learn all about Larson's Compassion Connection, HOPE Line and Prayer Family, through which "satanists, witches, metal music fans, drug addicts, the unreachable, came to Christ." With checkbooks firmly in hand, right Bob?

AC/DCENCY: Five days before **AC/DC** played McNichols Arena, three people died when fans rushed the stage at the band's concert at the Salt Palace in Salt Lake City. In typical fashion, the tragedy was blamed on that evil metal music: "AC/DC played on as fans crushed to death" screamed Associated Press headlines. And while the parents of two 14-year-old boys who died at the concert are reportedly suing everyone from the band to the promoter (granted, festival-style seating at this type of concert is not a good idea), the sad reality of the tragedy was best summed up by 19-year-old **BRANDI BURTON**. Unlike her companion, **ELIZABETH GLAUSI**, Brandi survived her injuries. Speaking from her hospital bed, Burton described the experience as "drowning in a sea of people who didn't care."

That's a sensation anyone who has ever been literally caught in (or under) a mosh has surely experienced, and it's a damned unpleasant one. But more importantly, Burton's statement is also a disturbing metaphor for life in a decade that seems to have gotten off on a pretty lame foot.

ALWAYS ROOM FOR JELLO: But we were encouraged to see so many people who *do care* at JELLO BIAFRA's recent spoken-word performance at the Mercury Cafe, not only because it was a benefit for a worthy anti-censorship cause, but because what Biafra has to say—and that's a lot—is so important. We were especially taken with his story about running for mayor of San Francisco, where he got 5 percent of the vote and a chance to voice his opinions and debate other candidates. With a local mayoral election coming up, we here at CLOT are open to the idea of sponsoring a candidate on the "Stop the Bleeding" platform. Any takers?

—Roxanna Alday

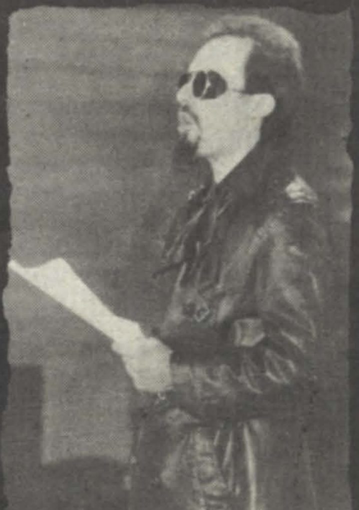
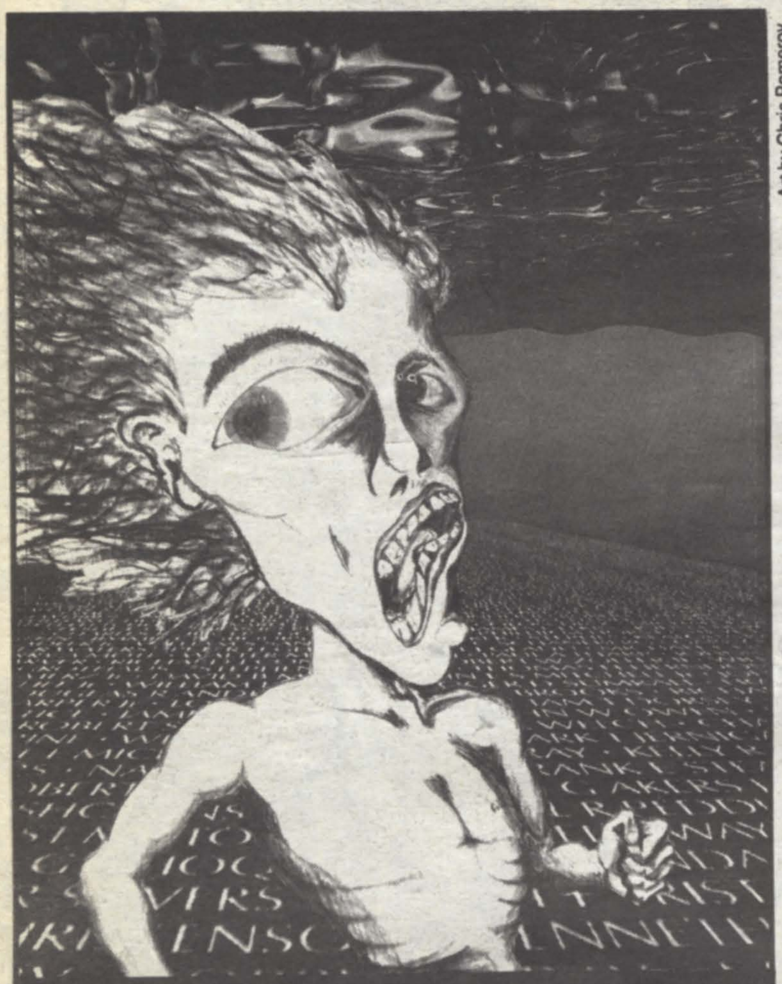


Photo by Andrew Frey

Jello Biafra



Art by Chris Pomeroy

Do You Feel a Draft?

President Bush is authorized by law to call to service any and all persons necessary for the war in the Middle East. Consequently, some reserve military forces have been activated and shipped overseas. If (or when) the war escalates and more personnel are required, Bush can also use this law to reinstate the draft.

In Denver County, 24,807 males age 18-25 are registered for the Selective Service; across the U.S. reside 1.8 million 20-year-olds. These males, born during the calender year 1971, will be the focus of a random drawing, known as the National Lottery. Comparable, though less profitable than the Colorado Lottery, each day of the year will be assigned a number and entered into the drawing. Tickets will be drawn until the required amount of bodies has been achieved.

> **Each day of the year will be assigned a number and entered into the drawing. Tickets will be drawn until the required amount of bodies has been achieved.**

"We are not on alert, nor are there any current plans to reinstate the draft...continue to register for Selective Service," stated Glenn Ford, spokesman for Selective Service.

If the draft were reinstated, certain individuals would qualify for reclassification. For instance, if you happen to be a state-elected official serving in any state office, have served 12 months on active duty in the military, or you're a minister, you would not have to eat any sand or fire a single shot. Student deferment no longer exists. However, fulltime students would have their induction postponed until the end of the current semester. Students in their senior year will have a postponement until graduation.

The Selective Service has a list of many reasons for a deferred induction, should the draft recur. Marriage is not on this list. However, "conscientious objector" is.

"People need to take it seriously, *now*," says Steve Graham of the American Friends Service Committee, an organization which supplies information on the draft to the public. "Do it in advance. Begin documenting your claim now. You need to have ethical, moral, or religious objections. You need to be opposed to all war—you can't pick and choose."

The Committee is providing counseling and support for any persons interested.

If you're unlucky enough to be a part of the 20-year-old focus group and don't wish to take part in the war, take action now. Around June or July, you might wish that you had.

—Philip Holmes

For more information on obtaining Conscientious Objector status and/or counseling on other military-related matters, contact the American Friends Service Committee at 832-4508.

CURRENT EVENTS

The Drug War Strikes Home

If war in the Persion Gulf isn't enough to worry about, your government recently implemented yet another waste of your money: "Operation Pipe."

"Searches" have been made in other cities around the U.S., but January 29 was Denver's day. At press time at least six metro area "head" shops were hit in a raid that made many question what criterian U.S. Customs agents were using. How did they decide which stores to go to first? Are other stores silently complying? Will more stores be hit?

The day after the "operation" began, Sharon Martinez, co-owner of Cosmic Creations, explained how this operation had affected her business.

> **"Virtually the same Ziplock Baggies they were using to collect evidence were confiscated *as* evidence."**

"At about 9:35 a.m. on January 29 I got a call from the police saying my door was open," says Martinez. "I said that sounded funny because we have an alarm system, and the alarm people didn't call me. She (the police operator) says 'Well, how long will it take you to get to the store?' I said 'about 10 minutes.' Then I hung up and called my son and told him to get to the store, we'd been robbed. When he got down to the store the (Thornton) police and U.S. Customs agents were there. They gave him a search warrant and told him they were taking what they wanted. He let them in."

According to Martinez the police just used the alledged robbery as an excuse to get the store owner there in a hurry. When Martinez arrived (after her son and another employee), she was not allowed to enter her store.

The agents reportedly entered the store and used a portable computer to categorize all of the alledged drug paraphenalia. When entered into the computer, the objects were each given a "drug" name, like "crack" pipe or "cocaine" vile. The employees reportedly tried to explain to the agents what the merchandise *was* being sold for, but to no avail.

The agents were at the store until late afternoon. Similar incidents were reported at other shops raided.

Martinez noted that she had signs posted literally stating the laws that regulate the tobacco accessories industry and that U.S. Customs agents also confiscated these signs as evidence.

"They froze my business account, I have no money. I have $15 in my pocket," says Martinez. "We can't function like this."

Apparently, the catch-all statements were used for items not on the list too. Another store owner, who asked not to be identified, reported that agents confiscated cigarette rolling papers (without wire), nitrous oxide cartridges, "stash" containers (beer and soup cans used to store items), and Ziplock Baggies.

> **"They don't talk much. They wave guns in your face, stick badges in your face, ask you lots of questions. You do just what they say."**

"Virtually the same Ziplock Baggies they were using to collect evidence were confiscated *as* evidence," he said. "They don't talk much. They wave guns in your face, stick badges in your face, ask you lots of questions. You do just what they say."

Shops that have been "hit" so far include Cosmic Creations, Home Sweet Home, Rolling Stone Enterprises, Pipefitter, and Alcupulco Smoke Shop.

At press time no arrests had been made, but an investigation into possible criminal charges is in the works, and all the stores involved have been subpeonaed to appear in court on February 8.

Where will this madness end? Will U.S. Customs agents raid office supply stores for carrying scales? Will they hit medical supply stores and confiscate their "crack" vials, "crack" test tubes, "roach clip" hemastats, and "marijuana" smoking masks? Will hardware stores have to quit carrying "roach clip" pliers and vise-grips and "marijuana" pipe fittings?

Prepare for the hypocrisy and protect yourself. This is not a solution to the drug problem. If people want to use an illegal substance, nothing will stop them. These so-called "head shops" are easy targets for this unwanted and financially frivolous "drug war." You may be next, and the rights you are granted are totally subjective to the situation and people you are dealing with. —Andrew Frey

The description of property that these agents could confiscate was extensive, and had enough loopholes to insure that they could take whatever they wanted.

The actual document (Attachment #2 to the Search Warrent), Description of Property [which they then can sieze as evidence] states thus:

I. any and all drug paraphernalia, as defined by 21 USC 857 to include:

1) Metal, wooden, acrylic, glass, plastic or ceramic pipes, with or without screens, permanent screens, hashish heads or punctured metal bowls.

2) Water pipes.

3) Carburetion tubes and devices

4) Smoking and carburetion masks

5) Roach clips (ie: objects used to hold burning material such as a marijuana cigarette, which has become too short to be held in the hand).

6) Chamber pipes

7) Carburetion pipes

8) Electric pipes

9) Air driven pipes

10) Miniature spoons with a level capacity of one-tenth centimeter or less

11) Ice pipes or chillers

12) Wired cigarette paper

13) Cocaine freebase kits

14) Glass vials (ie: small glass vials which are approximately 25mm X 95mm or smaller), and which are the type commonly used to store "rock" or "crack" cocaine, powdered cocaine and/or methamphetamine

15) Scales (ie: gram weight scales, pocket scales and those type scales typically used to measure and divide controlled substances into smaller increments for sale).

16) Any and all other equipment, product or material of any kind primarily intended for or designed for use in manufacturing, compounding, converting, concealing, producing, processing, preparing, injecting, ingesting, inhaling or otherwise introducing a controlled substance into the human body.

SKINNY PUPPY

December 12: Gothic Theatre

POINT

So I went to this *concert*, see, not expecting much (never having been what you could call a fan of Skinny Puppy, y'see...), and I actually was glad I went! But not for the reasons that you'd expect....

So Nevik likes to smear red slush all over himself. So Nevik likes to parade around on drywall stilts. How many of the little "artists" present were aware that, for thousands of working Americans, Nevik's "cyber" outfit is the tool of their trade? I'm sure that the drywall hangers of the world will be pleased to know that their stilts are now *haute culture.* Hopefully it won't drive the prices up, as it has with camouflage gear! Well, if Nevik wants to reel around wearing cast-off construction tools, that's his own business, I suppose!

And they had these scary little machines that Nevik crawled inside of and they shot him up with all these drugs! What bothered me about a lot about the stage show was that the whole time, there was this *illusion* of danger. And it was totally fake. They have enough money to get someone like Mark Pauline to do their robotics, but Pauline's stuff can really endanger people, and has a tendency to run amok. So, in spite of all the "weird" and "scary" elements of their concert, it is my belief that Nevik and Co. are really doing things the safe way. Alice Cooper was doing cooler stage illusions in the early 70s!

And the projections—let me tell you about the movies! There were several screens which showed cut-ups of accidents, hardcore porn, and intense violence, lab experiments on animals and scenes from gore films. I found this shocking, as was obviously intended, but mainly because I thought it all in extremely poor taste. Those car crash victims being shown were *people*, not props for their dumb band. The merging of fairly hardcore porn with intense gore sends a mixed message: It associates deadly violence with sexuality, an association which more and more people are finding to be a factor—if not an outright *cause*—of the increase in violence against women in our society. I also noticed that there were no films of naked *men* being hacked up. The naked women being butchered also had those busty figures common in horror films. If I really wanted to shock, I would show incredibly ugly women being murdered!

To me, this aspect of titillation highlights the double standards of our society. To show atrocities involving attractive, scantily clad young women is to encourage voyeurism. The males watching get turned on by this revealing of female flesh, rather than being turned off by all the bloodshed and inhumanity that is portrayed. Television news adopts this same attitude with atrocities. By lamenting on and on about a savage killer, they are actually improving their ratings.

It seems to me that one of the big problems of our society is that the only way that we are able to discuss the ugly side of ourselves is to adopt a sickening mock-pious air about it. Thus, we have "shocked" TV newscasters lamenting the depravity of a particular crime, all the while knowing full well that no one would bother watching their broadcasts if it weren't for the "horrifying" crimes which they parade before us in a routine manner. So, in a sense, Charlie Manson has sold a hell of a lot more soap than the Cosby show ever did! The vicarious thrill we get from the suffering of others thus serves to enrich the very people who claim to be most deeply disturbed by it.

And so it is with Skinny Puppy. Their claim to be against vivisection merely gives them the license to titillate their audience with a bunch of real gore. If there had never been any animal experimentation, then Nevik and Co. would have to find other shocking film clips to draw an audience. Maybe pictures of Jews being bulldozed into mass graves at Belsen, or children being napalmed in Vietnam.

It seems to me that, like the "evil" animal experimenters, they too are generating a tidy profit from the suffering of innocent animals. Only Skinny Puppy do it from the hypocritical stance of being "against" it.

—Tom Headbanger

COUNTER POINT

For almost any industrial fan, Skinny Puppy is as associated with industrial music as Tipper Gore is connected to censorship. Obviously, these two haven't met yet, because Tipper Gore would faint if she saw a live Skinny Puppy show. For those who aren't familiar with the term "industrial," this is a type of underground noise-music phenomenon that purports to deal with various distressing aspects to our post-modern industrial age. As a matter of rule, industrial artists are always shocking and unsettling in their work, which is always accompanied with heavy synthesizers with a very danceable beat.

Not being the biggest fan of Skinny Puppy, I wanted to see this show just because this is a must-see on every industrial fan's list. This show was packed with people clad in black, wearing white makeup with black eyeliner and black lipstick. I skipped the opening act (as usual, too many things to do). The stage was set up like a theater performance, which I later found out it was gonna be: video screens were everywhere and pyrotechnics flashed all over the place, creating wonderful designs and making you believe that you were in some kind of Star Wars movie. Flashes of cruel experimentation on animals (the band's way of fighting for animal rights, I guess), the Manson murders, chemical warfare and violence and much blood appeared on the screens.

To some people it was gross and disgusting, but I get the point that Skinny Puppy is trying to make. And that is that you don't get peoples' attention with sweet talk, but by showing them hair-raising footage that they will remember and take notice of. Their vision of terror and injustice is the only way to express their anger and revulsion about everything that's going wrong in this world, which hopefully will grab peoples' attention (just imagine how much editing work leader Nivek Ogre had to construct all these videos).

Aside from all this, you easily forget about the music. And that's where we come to a point that is a familiar "industrial" sign: stuff that is pre-recorded or otherwise sampled. You hear voices of people that just aren't there, because it's all sampled. Well, you can't have everything. One thing is for sure: Ogre is for real. This man simply screams his lungs out and is as intense as anyone can get. The sound was so clear and loud that I regretted not bringing cotton to put in my ears. To hear Ogre's sharp, cutting-edge voice clearly blasting out the speakers was just incredible, and explains why Skinny Puppy is at the top of this genre. Focusing their show around *Too Dark Park* was a shame; we didn't hear too many of the old hits like "Stairs and Flowers."

On the other hand, songs like "Texture," "Tin Omen," and "Tormentor" got the crowd going, and were definitely crowd pleasers. The new songs didn't go down my throat quite as well because Skinny Puppy music is more the kind of music that's got to grow on you, and it takes awhile to recognize a song (the new stuff really sounds the same). I enjoyed the visual part of the show a lot more than the music, because if I wanted to hear them I could just sit at home an put my Skinny Puppy CDs on. And about the visual part, if you think that's disgusting and shocking, that's real life, that's what is happening around you now. So wake up and smell the Puppys! —Danny Bled

Hawkwind

December 13: Mercury Cafe

This night found the newly opened Mercury Cafe at 2199 California hosting England's legendary Hawkwind, the unsung heros of heavy psychedelia. In the early days of its twenty-year history, the band had a reputation for playing anywhere. The relatively small show at the Mercury seemed to harken back to those early days, especially when you consider that the band can draw 20,000 fans at gigs in Europe nowadays. So for the couple hundred diehard Hawkwind fans who were lucky enough to find out about this poorly publicized show, the gig was an ecstatic dream come true. There wasn't a person I talked to that night that wasn't completely awed by the fact that they were actually seeing the band live. One guy told me it was the happiest day of his life.

Hawkwind's current lineup features founding member Dane Brock on guitar, vocals and synth, with Harvey Bainbridge on synth and vocal, Alan Davey on bass and vocals, a great new drummer named Richard who signed his autograph as "Richard, new drum," and a girl named Bridget (who recently joined the group) performing costumed dance and vocals. In its long history Hawkwind has sported members such as the famous sci-fi author Michael Moorcock, former Cream drummer Ginger Baker, and Motorhead's Lemmy, who the band is going to hook up with in L.A. for their December 15th Club Lingerie show. Absent from this tour is guitarist Huw Lloyd Langton who has formed a new group.

Hawkwind is truly amazing live. Sober and relaxed onstage, their years of experience were evident. The band is incomprehensibly tight. They ripped through some great stuff from the new album, *Space Bandits*, as well as classics such as "The Golden Void" from *Warrior on the Edge of Time* (1975), "Angels of Death" from *Sonic Attack* (1981), "Hassan I Sabbah" from *Quark Strangeness and Charm* (1977) and, much to my suprise, song "Ejection" from the rare 1974 British comic film soundtrack *Captain Lockheed and the Starfighters* written by former member Bob Calvert.

The band's pounding, heavy grooves are topped by impeccable English vocal harmonies from the poetic classic rock tradition and are complimented by moving slides projected onto the band throughout the show. This, combined with the freaky fluorescent painting on their equipment, makes for a trippy treat, especially when I noticed several of the inside photos from *Space Ritual Live* (possibly the coolest album cover in existence) among the slides.

Bridget appeared occasionally in a variety of bizarre costumes. The show opened with her in a fireproof suit, flogging imaginary landing aircraft as a Mortisha Addams-type character, then in a white jumpsuit sporting an elongated bug-eyed, gaping-mouthed rubber mask. This was removed to reveal her as bald and goggle clad. During the next tune Harvey applied a Vulcan mind grip to her skull. As she screamed he issued a tirade about the effects of television. By the end of the song, Bridget transformed into a regular human singing, "Feed the brain, feed the brain." Still later she appeared as a metal monster from a welder's nightmare.

The crowd totally dug the show and managed to get a single encore before the band began tearing down equipment. (Yes, the actual bandmembers doubled as roadies!). They were in a hurry to beat the coming Rocky Mountain snowstorm and get to their L.A. gig, but were not above signing autographs and talking with their fans (your trusty reviewer among them).

Chances are there's a handful of Denverites preparing to end their lives after missing tonight's performance, but followers of the Hawklords can take heart, as it is likely they'll return to Denver in March. Be sure to appear and show your support, then maybe they can afford a bigger road crew. —Scott Stratton

AC/DC
King's X
January 23: McNichols Arena

I wasn't planning to go to this show, until I heard from Roxanna at CLOT that Kings X was opening. They weren't on the billing for this concert, which is too bad, as they are phenomenal musicians. But it was obvious from the offset that the near sell-out crowd at McNichols was there for the headliners, and not for King's X. Although really heavy at times, King's X are of a progressive classic rock school that differs much from AC/DC's power raunch. Their 35-minute set was well received, but didn't get what it deserved. The AC/DC crowd just isn't a King's X crowd.

Of particular note were the powerful vocals, which ranged from crotch-splitting screams to perfect harmonies. The intensity baton was passed to Ty Tabor for the guitar solos. He veritably burns with emotion when playing, and did an extended lead on "Power of Love." Doug Pinnick played 12-string bass on "It's Love (from their new video) and "Visions." If you've never heard this instrument, you're missing out on some heavy action.

Although they did only seven songs, they played stuff from all three of their albums, and the sound was true to the recordings. They were also quite nice for a change. They offered their thanks to AC/DC, and finished the set with the ultra-high-energy "Moanjam," complete with the air-raid guitar and a bombastic drum solo courtesy of Jerry Gaskill. Right on guys!

Also performed were the songs "King," "Talk to You," "Fine Art of Friendship" and last years' video, "Over My Head." In a word: Awesome.

On with the show....

AC/DC's back-to-basics approach and long-lived commitment to their craft have established them as one of the world's biggest hard-rock bands. The fans were energetic and supportive and the house was on its feet for the entire two-hour twenty-minute show. The drawback to this was that the band was less called upon to really play and instead employed knee-jerk audience response tactics time and time again. The first couple of Angus solos featured in "Sin City" and "Who Made Who" were downright sloppy. But thanks to his maniacal stalking about the stage and the summoning of "Grandfather Call and Response," the crowd was drawn further under the spell already cast upon them.

Brian Johnson held up well for the first two songs, "Thunderstruck" and "Shoot to Thrill." The former began as Chris Slade and his drum kit rose through the stage floor, but on the third song, "Back in Black," his already-raspy voice was lost. Thankfully, it had somehow returned to its full vigor for "Fire Your Guns," which he referred to as "A song for Saddam." The rhythm section was its rock-solid self all night.

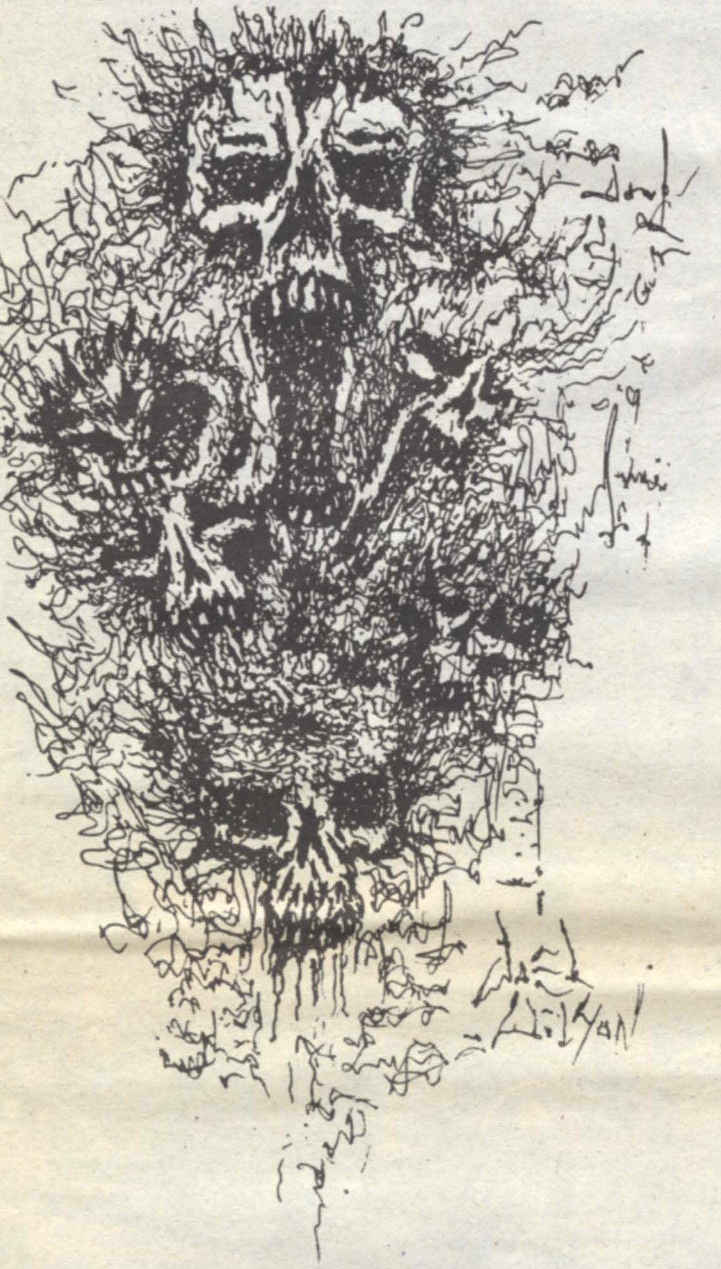
The stage was a spectacular sight, rimmed with orange lights and bathed in a junky's rainbow of intense colors. There were ramps on either side, and an industrial scaffold for a backup. Angus eventually got really warmed up and began to seriously crank on guitar. Then came "Jailbreak" and the strip show. I knew this was coming, but personally, I'd rather hear more playing. It went on entirely too long and culminated in the exposition of a pair of American flag boxers under the Australian schoolboy shorts.

After this was over the show really got going. They played "The Jack" and "Blow Up Your Video." "Money Talks" featured falling AC/DC money, "Hell's Bells" a huge bell, and "Let There Be Rock" had Angus convulsing at the rear of the auditorium on a riser.

They also did "High Voltage," "Dirty Deeds," "Whole Lotta Rosie" and an atypical tune with a Middle Eastern flavor, one I'd never heard before. *It was a high point.*

The single encore began with "Highway to Hell" and a huge inflatable head and tail-clenched fist of Angus from the album cover. Then came "TNT" and lastly, the lyrically inappropriate "For Those About To Rock"—one of the best tunes of the evening. I would have liked to have heard "Riff Raff" or "Walk All Over You," but was surprised at the amount of old stuff they played. A good show overall, but probably not their best. —Scott Stratton

Show Reviews



Acid Pigs
Inhumanity
January 26: Northside Community Center

While having the opportunity to do some work for CLOT this evening, I found myself at an Acid Pigs concert. Very spontaneous people here at CLOT. Accompanied by CLOTsters Tom Clenin and Ron Hoff, we went to review the show. I usually don't go to many local shows, and found myself among a wide variety of people. I guess everyone wants to see what pigs on acid are like.

We missed the first band, Element of Surprise, but the second band, Inhumanity, was in fact a very good band. Their sound was clean, yet heavy. The bass player really stood out. The singer sounded clear enough to understand the words. At first I thought it would surely be punk, because the singer had a punk look. But it ended up thrashing out, and kept me partying.

I wasn't sure what to expect with the Acid Pigs. I've heard they have quite a family tree for all the different members who've once played for them. They have a totally different line-up, according to Ron. After the first song, I was thinking what a different, offbeat sound they had. As Ron put it, "It's like frolicking to an offbeat tune." I thought that fit appropriately.

The crowd was pretty hyper, yet most of the time the pit was mellow. There were even a couple of girls moshing around. When the Acid Pigs first started playing, I started getting into it. But as soon as Arnold started singing, I was turned off. Not only that, but he was the most obnoxious vocalist (and possibly human being) I've ever seen. Arnold was demanding bloody sex orgies in the pit, screaming to the crowd, "I want to see a someone dead tonight, let's see a fight, let's see blood." I'm surprised he didn't end up dead. Overall the show was very enjoyable, different but interesting, and a damn good reason to get out and party.

—Krissie Anderson

Photo by Ken Bush

Thinking Plague/Elan
January 25: Mercury Cafe

Sometimes thinking is like a plague among us, forcing us to consider things we'd rather not, leading us down strings of logic towards increasingly ugly possibilities, leaving us all pinned like specimens on white cardboard under the harsh white scrutiny of ceaseless observation....

Such thoughts plagued me as I prepared to watch the Thinking Plague/Elan show. I am told Elan has existed in Denver for years, in various incarnations, although I had not seen them before. Their current lineup consists of Michael Serviolo and Chris Steele on guitars and Rick Benjamin on trombone. Rope's drummer, Steve Shiramizce, also joined in on the last song.

Elan's songs are basically structured improvisations, sometimes over the top of pre-recorded sounds and rhythms. The guitars work against each other, creating the pulse of the music, while Benjamin's trombone provides most of the melody and bass lines. Slides were continuously shown behind the band, while a television set in front of the stage displayed abstract video images. Writing this, it all sounds a bit more interesting than it actually was, since the band never seemed to be able to get anything going (especially the audience), and the transcendent moments you hope for in an improvisational setting never really happened. But inconsistency is the norm when dealing with improvisation, and I had the sense that there had been and would be better nights for this group.

Thinking Plague replaced the improvisations of Elan with their meticulous attention to musical detail, complex rhythms, orchestration, harmonic structure, and technical difficulty. The music is claustrophobic and dark, with moments of harsh beauty. Suzanne Lewis has a voice matched perfectly to the dark vision of life expressed in her lyrics. In songs like "Fountain of All Tears" and an abbreviated version of "Organism," Lewis' vocal was a lonely, atonal voice in the midst of the poly-rhythmechanical music.

The group consists of Lewis, Mark Johnson on guitar, Bob Drake on bass, Shane Hotle on keyboards, Dave Kerman on drums and Mark Harris on woodwinds and keyboards. Sometimes their songs groove in an off-kilter, depressed way, but only for a quick moment before a new texture is created. On one hand, none of the intensive, overwrought grooves are around long enough to really get annoying, but also the hugest, heaviest jams disappear just when you have them figured out and can begin to move with them.

In contrast to Elan, Plague made little attempt at visual appeal, letting the music be the center of interest. The half-filled house was enthusiastic, and it looked as if sales of Plague T-shirts were brisk. And there is a lot to love about this group, not the least of which is their professionalism. It's great to see a band with local roots that has a strong, difficult musical vision, and the dedication to turn that vision into recorded and on-stage reality. The band's members are now spread across the country, some in California, some in New York, some still in Denver, which made this concert a somewhat rare event. Their latest CD, *In This Life*, is available all over town, so if you missed them live, give the disc a listen.

Yeah, sometimes thinking is a plague among us, but for those of us who think too much, the music of Thinking Plague is a blessing. —KBG

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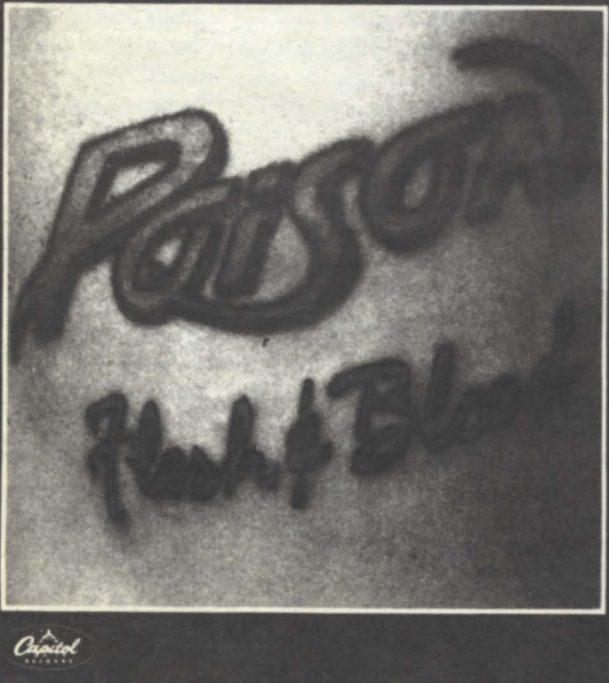

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Photo by Andrew Frey

NIN

On January 11, Nine Inch Nails sold out two shows at the Gothic Theater—an unprecendented event for both the venue and the band. The hardcore industrial revolution: Why is it so huge all of a sudden? Says NIN project director Trent Reznor:

"The new stuff is heavier, and I think the key element is aggression. Today the instrument is not the electric guitar so much as it is the computer, and once you learn to use that in a different way, things start sounding a different way. My instrument is computer, and I play a little bit of electric guitar. How do I make that sound cool? I don't want to put out fucking Human League, sissy danse music. So you can find that certain sounds work the equivalent of AC\DC electric guitar, with that same aggressive punch." —Trent Reznor

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The Ras Clof

HOLD JAH PRESS

He's the jack-of-all trades of reggae reporting.

Through his vast work in radio, print and using video, Roger Steffens chronicles reggae's three wise men: Bob Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny "Wailer" Livingston—The Wailers.

This past November reggae archivist Steffens showed some unreleased videos at Boulder High School detailing the late Bob Marley's life and songs. Selections included the opening of Zimbabwe (the first words spoken in this newly independent African nation were to introduce Marley and his band); and a documentary on a foiled-assassination attempt, a result of partisan Jamaican politics, on Marley's influential life.

"Tonight I'd like you to look at this as a celebration of the work and words of some remarkable human beings," narrates Steffens in his rich, sonorous voice. "Many people consider them saints. Even more people consider them prophets, in the sense that a prophet listens to what everyone around him is saying and then he puts it in his own words so that we may better understand it, and, in so doing, illuminates our situation."

Steffens, 48, has illuminated many about reggae. He owns one of the world's largest collections (over 200,000 titles) and has assisted several books projects—including Davis and Simon's *Reggae International* and Timothy White's Marley-bio, *Catch a Fire*. Steffens was the first internationally-syndicated reggae dj (he stopped a few years back) and the founding editor of a magazine devoted to reggae, African, and World Beat music, *The Beat*.

The Beat began in 1982. "We had the only reggae [radio] show in Los Angeles, called '*The Reggae Beat* and we started a one-page mimeo of the show," Steffens recalls. "By the second issue we were doing a ten-page fold-over, and within a year, we were a real honest-to-God magazine. It just kept growing. There was more interest, there were more groups touring America and there was a great need evidenced on the part of our audience for information. So, it went from a one-page mimeo to being the biggest reggae magazine in the world now."

Steffens traces his interest in the music to three happenings during a week in 1973: this disgruntled rock fan read an article on reggae in *Rolling Stone*, he saw the film *The Harder They Come* and he bought a copy of Bob Marley and the Wailer's album *Catch a Fire*.

"I realized that music hadn't really died—that it'd taken a different form," says Steffens. "While I had always been interested in ethnic music since the 1950s, there weren't a heck of a lot of outlets for it. Reggae was music that was different than anything I'd heard before, but it rekindled the feelings I had felt in 1954 when I discovered rock and roll..."

Steffens supports his love of music through various jobs. His businesscard lists his skills as: actor, voice overs, musical consultant, Vietnam advisor (he served from 1967-1970) and lecturer. He narrated HBO's documentary "Unnatural Causes," about troops in Vietnam poisoned by defoliant Agent Orange; the Emmy-winning "Dear America: Letters Home From Vietnam"; and the Oscar-winning documentary "The Flight of the Gossamer Condor," about the invention of the first man-powered aircraft.

On the reggae front, Steffens just had the select opportunity to learn more about The Wailers' background directly from Bunny Wailer, the last surviving member. (Marley died of cancer in 1981, and Peter Tosh was killed during a robbery in 1987.) Steffens spent 17 days in Jamaica interviewing Bunny (who grew up in the same house with Bob) for an upcoming autobiography: "It's a deliciously detailed and heartfelt story of an awful lot of raised and dashed hopes, and a certain kind of triumph on the other side for all three of The Wailers," Steffens says.

Steffens already uses the information to update his three Marley video presentations. While some tapings are raw and primitively captured, his bootlegs nonetheless proffer interesting glimpses of a legend. Some are of excellent quality, such as Bob performing a percolating version of "Pimper's Paradise." The videos—and Steffens' connective narration—convey the magnitude of Bob Marley's legendary music, mysticism and equal-rights message.

"I want to alert the public to the fact that some of the best things about Bob Marley's life are being suppressed, and to me that's criminal," Steffens bristles. "The fact that Island [Marley's record company] put out this 100-minute documentary on Bob's life and failed to take note of the fact, in any way, that he won the United Nations Medal for Peace on behalf of 50 Million Africans—that's inexcusable, inexcusable! You have to think there's some diabolic reason behind it."

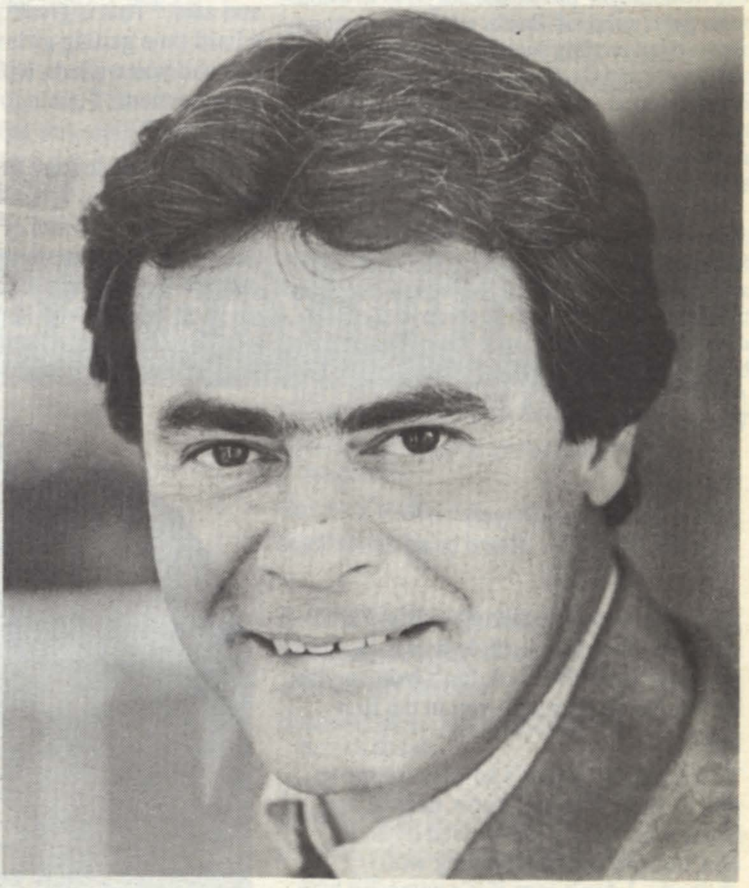
Rog' knows disinformation. During Vietnam, he was assigned to "Psyops": psychological operations—or psychological warfare. It's led to a rumor that he works, presently, for the CIA. Richard Boyle (who wrote Oliver Stone's film *Salvador* about his own misadventures) penned *Flower of the Dragon: The Breakdown of the U.S. Army in Vietnam*; Steffens appears in a couple of the book's vignettes. Steffens introduces Boyle to a place called the Island of the Coconut Monk, a camp filled with 6,000 Daoist holymen, refugees and North and South Vietnamese war deserters. Steffens remembers it as a "religious Disneyland in the middle of the Mekong River" that Boyle helped to save.

"People who read the book say—or who heard about it, say, 'Oh yeah I read in a book that Roger Steffens was in Vietnam and he was in Psy...C...CIA, that's it!' I finally traced that rumor about two years ago after hearing it for seven." In reality, Steffens says he never fired a shot, and intead, was able to help people. Boyle says this about Steffens:

After the Tet offensive in the Spring of '68, Americans sent tons of supplies to Vietnam for refugees—food, building equipment, medicine—all of which was appropriated by Saigon officials. Roger got so angry that he went back to the States, raised several tons of food and clothing on his own, and began distributing it to Buddhist refugees through Madame Dzu, the wife of Truong Dinh Dzu, the opposition peace candidate imprisoned by Thieu during the 1967 election....

"I think it was a way of atoning for my stupidity all those years in believing the warmongers," says Steffens, who went to Vietnam as a Goldwater Republican and came back a protester.

Thanks to this stubbornly independent reggae archivist and entrepreneur—bless him, if you like—the full message of the Wailers won't be left by any wayside. — Gregory Daurer



Roger Steffens

TOO LONG IN

Photo by Andrew Frey

On Friday, January 18 Slayer played to a sold-out crowd of some 3500 at Mammoth Events Center. When we arrived (between Testament and Slayer's sets), half-a-dozen Denver Police cars blocked the street in front of the venue. Paramedics were loading a stretcher into one of two waiting ambulances. On the stretcher was a semi-conscious, bloody-faced guy in a leather jacket. When I asked what had happened, the paramedic told me the guy said his name was "Johnny Death or some such thing," and that "they beat the hell out of him" both inside and outside the venue.

Inside the cavernous Mammoth, a venue notorious for its obnoxious sound, the crowd waited eagerly for Slayer to take the stage. The most blatant of the "satanic" thrash bands, Slayer has thrived for almost a decade on a road that included little radio play and no MTV until October, when their seventh album, *Seasons in the Abyss*, was released—and evidentally deemed soft enough for the MTV masses.

But that doesn't mean Slayer isn't still Slayer, something they proved in their hour-and-30-minute set. The band, which includes bassist/vocalist Tom Araya, drummer Dave Lombardo and guitarists Kerry King and Jeff Hanneman, is still brutal, skilled and on this night, painfully LOUD. Once shocking and extreme, Slayer paved the way for a whole new generation of death and grindcore artists—most notably such Earache-label bands as Carcass and Godflesh, bands Araya says he is not familiar with—that are faster and even more lyrically extreme. The crowd, though mellower than those at Slayer's past Denver shows, was adoring and respectful.

At the show we met up with Denver-based radio reverend Bob Larson—several times, in fact—the last on Slayer's tour-bus, where he and three big-haired puss-n-boots passed us on their way out from a short confrontation—er, conversation—with Araya. With Bob and his babes out of the way, we visited with Mr. Araya while watching the two-day old Gulf War on TV.

T: = Tom Araya (Slayer)
¿ = Rx (CLOT)

¿ So why were you talking to Bob Larson after that obnoxious article he wrote about you guys in *SPIN*? I couldn't believe you let him go on tour with you in the first place.

T: You know why it's so easy for me to talk to Bob? 'Cause I know how he is. I know who he is. I know what he is. I don't have a problem talking with anybody. I don't care if it's someone who fucking hates my guts. He's a human being. I'll be human. I'll talk. I may have nothing more to say to them, but I'll talk. And that's how people should be. My philosophy in life is that people should learn to accept each other for how and who they are, and if you can't do that....That's why these fucking idiots are fighting over a piece of land. It's that one guy has more money than the other, or he's not happy with what he has and so he wants more. I know what Bob Larson is: He's a fucking con man. He's so much into this religious shit...yeah, he's got the right idea, but he's like Jim and Tammy Bakker, doing it over the edge. And when you do it over the edge it's not in the heart anymore, it's in how much money you're making.

¿ What a scammer...

T: I feel the same way. Did you see those girls Bob was with? Bob comes in and says, "I wanted to show you what I work with," and I said "My god, the whole time we were in Europe we didn't have any girls on the bus, and here you are walking on with three of them. My god Bob, what have you been doing?" And he sits there and goes, "Listen, don't make me look bad." I looked at those girls and said, "This is great; we have a hard time getting girls on the bus and you walk on with three of them? Fucking A, that's hot!"

¿ Well, it's a pleasure to meet you finally. When I first got into Slayer, *South of Heaven* had just come out, and it was creating a big division between the fans who loved the intricacy of the new album and those who thought *Reign In Blood* was the fastest, heaviest album ever and it couldn't be beat. Did you feel a lot of repercussions from that?

T: Everybody says "Why didn't you do another *Reign In Blood*? It was like, why? It would have been another fast record, just like the last one we did, and everybody would've said, "Oh, it's just like the last record." You gotta keep people on their toes.

Vision. That's the whole idea. And if you can have the insight to *see* something, that's even better.

¿ Was *South of Heaven* more your record?

T: *South of Heaven* was more between me and Jeff.

¿ Kerry was not as involved?

T: When we did that album Kerry was in the process of moving into a house, and he'd just gotten married. Jeff and I put a lot of time and effort into the songwriting. A lot of the songwriting wasn't finished. When we went into the studio we did the basic tracks to a lot of the songs. One song wasn't even done.

¿ Which song was that?

T: Just a song; we didn't even have any interest in finishing it; that's how bad it was. Usually if we don't like it, we're not going to put it on a record.

¿ So let's talk about what these people [in the war we're at this moment watching on TV] are doing. A lot of your lyrics are war-oriented; "Mandatory Suicide" is one of the more powerful anti-war songs of the past decade. What was the inspiration for that song?

T: When I started writing that song, it was around the time all these Vietnam movies were coming out—*Platoon, Full Metal Jacket, Hamburger Hill*...just watching them and thinking about what went on in Vietnam, and hearing people talk about all the shit they went through, and how they never got any respect. To me it was just another term for the draft: all I did is take the word "draft" and substitute it with "mandatory suicide." When I wrote the song I literally described a lot of the shit that goes on. You hear all these horror stories; *Full Metal Jacket* was very realistic, and that's the one that I based a lot of it on.

¿ That's the one where the soldier blows his sergeant away in the bathroom at boot camp, right?

THE ABYSS?

T: Right. But like the first line, "Murder at your every foot step. A child's toy sudden death"—in *Full Metal Jacket* there's a scene where a guy reaches over and pulls up a stuffed rabbit; it blows up and he falls over. In *Hamburger Hill* there's a shot where this guy's running through the jungle trying to get to his buddy and he gets shot in the leg and falls. And those are lyrics: "Sniper blazes thru your knees, Falling down can you feel the heat, Burn!" I figured, okay, when you get shot....You know, I do a lot of that. I'll sit there and put myself in that situation, and I'll imagine myself getting shot. I'm thinking, what's it gonna feel like? And if I get shot in the chest, what's it gonna do? It's gonna burn.

¿ What other sensations do you imagine?

T: That's what I do when I write all of my songs. I put myself in that position, in the third-person, and experience it all. Then I write down what I would experience, what I would feel, what I would see, what I would smell, what I would touch.

¿ So what do you feel yourself drawn to? What do you like to experience?

T: Seasons in the abyss.

¿ What are those?

T: Have you read the lyrics to *Seasons in the Abyss*?

¿ Yes, several times. The first time I heard it I gave it a D-minus, but some of it kind of grows on you. Honestly, it made me feel old and tired and like I'd seen so much darkness for so long that I was ready for some enlightenment. Except for a couple of songs, I was ready to let go of it and get into something else—which is why I've had the feeling that maybe after this album you guys would go into other things, expand your minds into other places and give us other stuff. I'm babbling....

T: You're right, though. I mean, we're always going to be doing this, the music.

¿ You're always going to be doing Slayer?

T: Oh, I do other stuff. Jeff and I are working on other stuff, folk stuff.

> **Sex, Murder, Art. That's very descriptive of what we're about.**

¿ Acoustic music?

T: Yes, but it's in the same vein as Slayer—it's very dark folk stuff.

¿ Is Rick Rubin interested in producing it on Def American Records?

T: I played him some of it. I wrote four songs just like that, because I was so into it. I went over to Jeff's house and we set up an eight-track and he programmed some drums. I sang and played, and he did some leads. Then I played them for Rubin and he's like, what the fuck is this, you're supposed to be working on a new Slayer album. So we're like, oh, you wanna hear that, okay!

Photo by Andrew Frey

It's all very ugly, the ugly side of life. I want to show people the ugly side, and keep showing them the ugly side, so they can do what you did. It's like what you were saying, about how you're ready for enlightenment. It's like, don't ignore this—fix this.

¿ Don't ignore what?

T: Like the war. Now I'm sure they understand this. Now I'm sure they understand "Mandatory Suicide." Now I'm sure they understand "War Ensemble." At least they're starting to. You can tell by their response...Liberating Kuwait is one of the reasons, but their priorities are not in democracy. They're in oil.

¿ Were you surprised when this war started?

T: No, I expected it.

¿ I'm curious about that T-shirt you always used to wear for photo shoots, the one that read "Sex. Murder. Art." It was very striking, kind of sums up what's at the core of humankind.

T: It is. All that is at the core of creativity, and that's the way I look at it: Sex, Murder, Art. That's very descriptive of what we're about.

¿ And in the new promo photo you're wearing a "VISION" T-shirt. Talk about a quantum leap! It's from this really heavy, philosophical, gut-level thing to advertising VISION sportswear. It makes me think of Anthrax.

T: That's one of my favorite sweatshirts. We were doing photo shoots all day and I didn't realize I had it on until I saw the photos.

¿ Yeah, right. And you're getting major kick-backs from VISION.

T: No, I'm not, but when I saw the pictures I thought I should send them to these guys, and maybe we can get lots of clothes! Then I sat there and thought about it and go, that's pretty cool: Vision. That's the whole idea. And if you can have the insight to *see* something, that's even better. And I like the sunglasses, because when you see me you see everything else. You see everything that's in front of me, and that's the way you should be with people. You should be able to see all around them, not just *them*. It all comes down to that, and you have to learn to live with each other. If all these idiots would sit down at the table, if everybody in the fucking world would sit down and say dudes, we've got to take care of ourselves....We're one race, and that's the human race. We're one nationality, and that's the human nation. That's where we're at. That's where we should be, but we're not.

MANDATORY SUICIDE

Murder at your every footstep.
A child's toy sudden death.
Sniper blazes you thru your knees
Falling down can you feel the heat,
Burn!

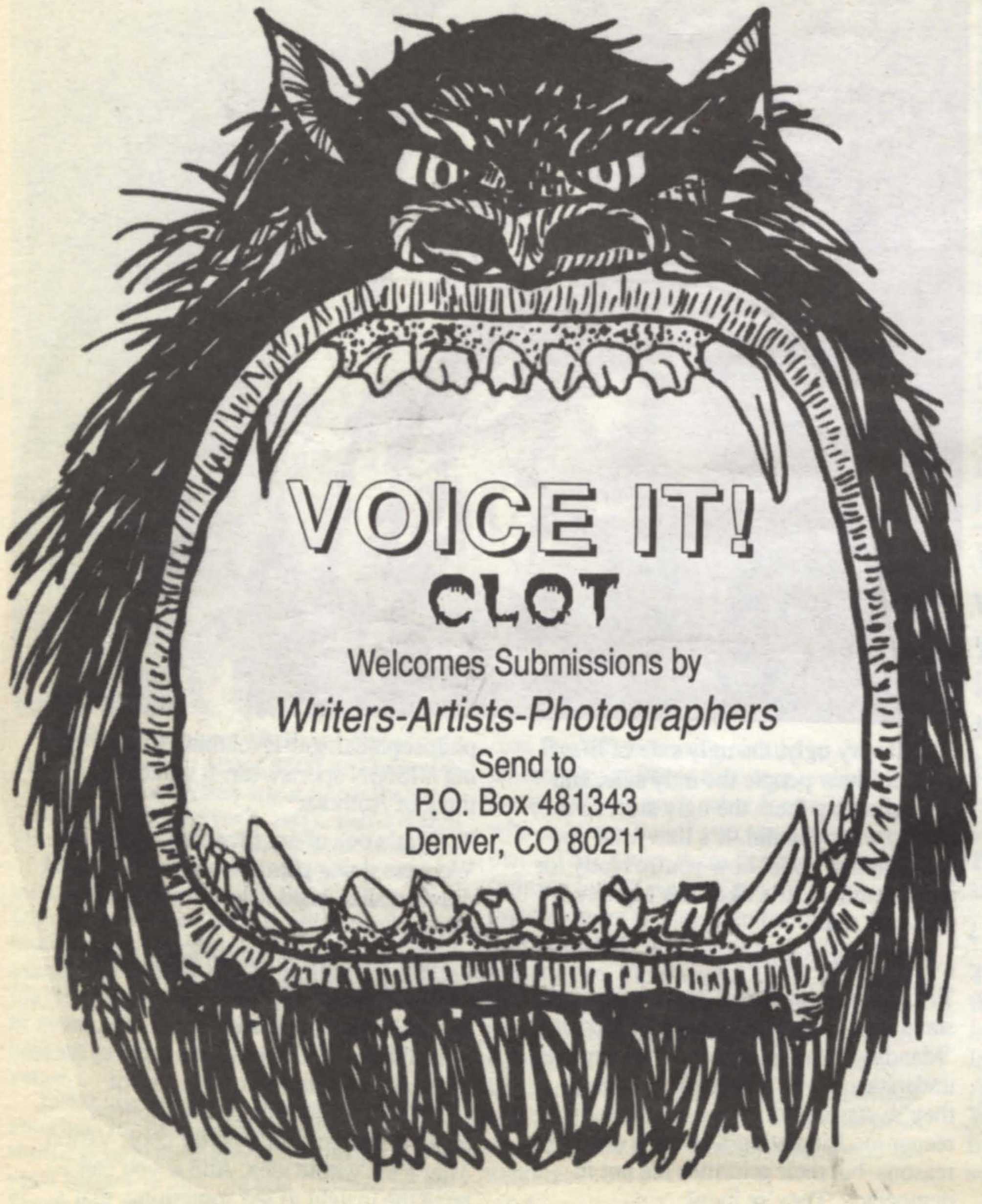
Ambushed by the spray of lead
Count the bullet holes in your head.
Offspring sent out to cry,
Living mandatory suicide.
Suicide.

Lying, dying, screaming in pain.
Begging, pleading, bullets drip like rain.
Minds explode, pain sheers to your brain.
Radical amputation, this is insane.

Fly swatter stakes, drive thru your chest.
Spikes impale you as you're forced off the crest.
Soldier of misfortune
Hunting with bated breath.

A vile smell, like tasting death.
Dead bodies, dying and wounded
Litter the city streets.
Shattered glass, bits of clothing and human deceit.
Dying Terror.
Blood's cheap, it's everywhere.
Mandatory Suicide, massacre on the front line.

—Tom Araya, 1988



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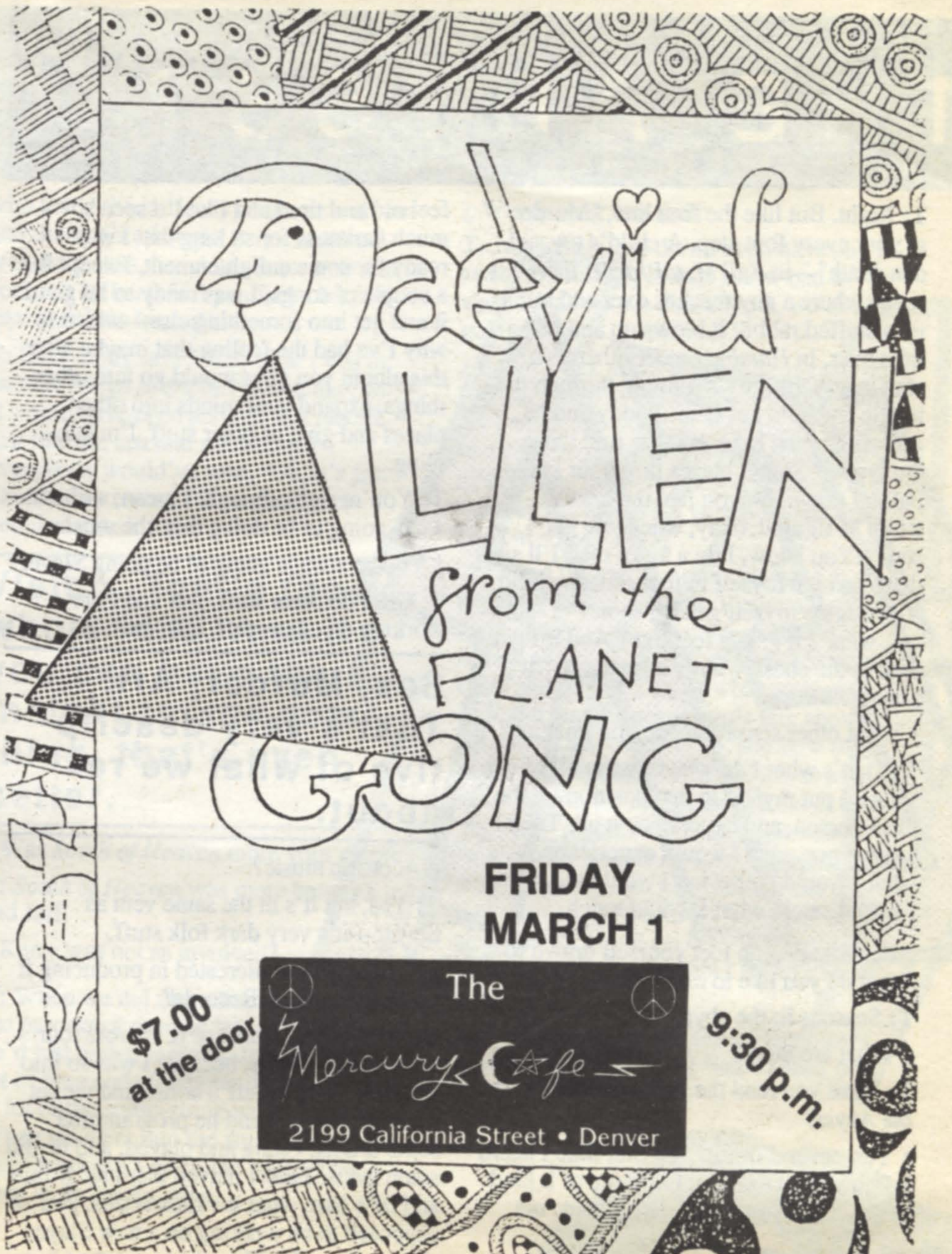

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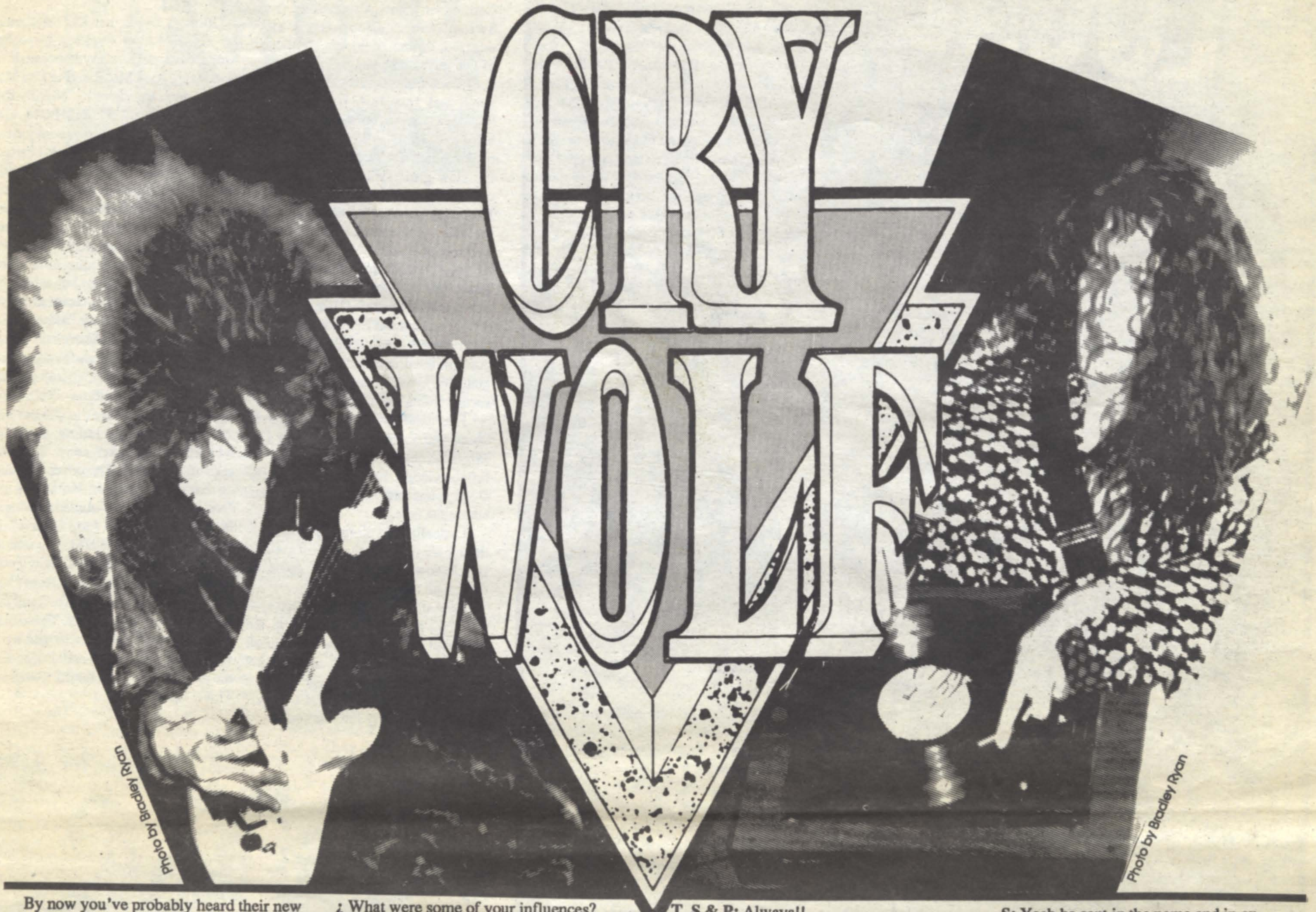


Photo by Bradley Ryan

Photo by Bradley Ryan

By now you've probably heard their new hit single, "Pretender," on the radio. And if you were watching "Headbangers Ball" on December 29 you saw the premier of the video of that song. A couple of weeks before that, on the 11th, you might have seen them at Bangles for a mere $3. You can bet your paycheck that will never happen again. I am of course talking about Cry Wolf. I reviewed their LP, "Crunch," in CLOT back in October, and had a feeling that this was only the beginning. It seems I was right. Luckily for me, I not only saw their Bangles performance, I interviewed them in their tour bus before the show. All but drummer Paul Cancilla that is, who was in the back sleeping. But singer Timmy Hall, guitarist Steve McKnight, and bassist Phil Deckard, all impressed me with intelligence, forthrightness, and just-plain-nice personalities. Here's hoping that fame never changes this.

¿ = Bradley Ryan (CLOT)
T = Timmy Hall (vocals)
S = Steve McKnight (guitar)
P = Phil Deckard

¿ What was Japan like, that's where the band got its break isn't it?

T: Yeah, we got a break because of a demo tape that got some favorable press in Europe. It caught the eye of a Japanese promoter who wanted to bring club bands from Hollywood over there and put them in the clubs in Japan, which just doesn't happen.

American bands go over there after they're successful in America. The first tour we did was ten days, four shows, and they were all sold out before we got there.

¿ What were some of your influences?

T: I've got a lot of different ones, some of the classic people that everybody has. Paul Rodgers, Robert Plant, Freddie Mercury, and I'm a big fan of Lou Gramm especially early Foreigner. I think overall the guy with the most listenable voice in the world is Paul McCartney, and I'm a huge Beatles fan, too. I like Geoff Tate a lot, too.

¿ Are you guys pissed off yet touring, are you ready go home and hide for a while?

S: We haven't been out that long; we've only been out a couple of weeks this time. Last time we went up the East Coast and Canada and the Mid West and that was only for three weeks. We're ready to go out for a year.

¿ It sounds to me like you've been all over the place in a short time. Doesn't that wear you down?

T: Not as long as we got one of these for traveling (he says looking around the bus).

S: This is nicer than my house.

¿ How about guitar influences?

S: Early on would probably be Michael Schenker, Randy Rhoads, and then I got into Allan Holdsworth and I started getting more progressive. I started listening to more jazz, classical. Recently, it's been Eric Johnson, Scott Henderson, and Holdsworth kind of mixed.

¿ What kind of background do you have?

S: I'm self-taught, but I did study three and a half years of classical. I did take a music theory course in school, the teacher was kind of hip. He taught us the Berkely School of Music Theory course. He wasn't supposed to but he kind of like diddled it off. I learned the terms of everything I was doing. I was already doing it, which is the weird thing; my ear was already correct.

¿ Are you guys working on any new material?

T, S & P: Always!!

¿ O.K., Phil, I could care less about your influences. No, I'm joking, who are they?

P: I really like Bob Daisley, Michael Anthony. Lately I've listen to people like Muzz Skillings. Everything I hear, I try to get something from.

¿ What do you think separates Cry Wolf from other bands?

T: I think of these waves of new bands that have come out, I think we're the least one that patronizes to the "baby, baby, in the back seat of your dad's Ford." There's a lot more substance in our songs than that. The subject matter is basically everyday life, so there's no way it's going over peoples' heads.

S: There's also one aspect musically...a lot of albums that we tend to get clumped with sound like a 40-minute song. We don't really stick to any particular formula. You'll notice on the album there's a lot of variety, it's anywhere from a double-bass heavier tune to almost all acoustic.

¿ How long have you guys been together?

T: Paul and I go back a lot of years, but the thing that started this whole thing was Steve and I getting together in '85. That was a five-piece band; first we got Phil in the band, then we kicked the other bass player out. We moved to L.A. and kicked the drummer out and got Paul. Then we went to the studio to make the now-famous four-song demo that started everything, and that's when our keyboard player left. And that's when our name became Cry Wolf, September of '87.

¿ What four songs were on the demo?

T: "Road to Ruin," "Dirty Dog Night," "On the Run," and "Back to You."

S: They're all on the album.

¿ You got the name Cry Wolf from a contest? Who came up with it?

T: This guy named Mike who entered the contest.

S: Yeah he sent in the name and in exchange for that we gave him tickets to a Motley Crue concert.

T: It sat well with us. It didn't say anything like we are this and this is what we'll always have to be because this is our name.

¿ So where's it all going from here?

P: We have to see after the first of the year. We're either going to get on a major tour, or we're going to keep playing as much as we can, wherever we can.

¿ What was Japan like?

T: It's like when you start playing, they go nuts, and you're done, and they go nuts, then when you say something they stop and it's like class. They just listen to every word you say.

P: I got pulled into the audience in one of the shows. It was great though; I loved it. I look back and I can't see, there's this sea of blackness, and I turn over and see a couple of people grabbing at my feet, trying to pull me back on stage, it was like this big tug-of-war. It was cool, though.

At this point we talked more about shows and Steve and Phil's endorsement with Robin Guitars, as well as discussing what other equipment the band uses. Then we watched the video on their VCR. It was way-cool and way-wiggie, and I hope to see a lot more of it.

¿ Where was the video made?

S: It was done in Hollywood and we did it all in one day. We did it from eight in the morning on Sunday to one in the morning. It was weird—they dumped like 10-W40 oil on our hair. They stacked these cabinets together and roped them all together so we could move around on top of them, and we just had to go for it. If you look in the video during the guitar solo one of the lights gets knocked, but we left it.

LOCAL

BLOOD

Little Fyodor

Idiots Are Closer to God

Small Tools Tradition (Independent)

Yikes! Look out, this guy is W-E-I-R-D weird! Is this what Devo warned us about? Little Fyodor is light years ahead of them in de-evolutionary terms. He must be two steps from the spud stage of development. This guy makes Pee Wee Herman look like Burt Reynolds, and that's not much of an exaggeration.

The album comes with an 8 x 10 picture of the Boulderite, looking as though he just saw himself on Eraserhead. Also included is a bit of prose entitled "Morality," which I'll leave as a surprise for those of you who buy the record. The music within is sparse and quirky. Several tracks are vocal only, and sound like the ravings of a retarded adult. I'm sure it's just all part of Little Fyodor's style, but it's pretty convincing.

Further indication of the album's contents lies in the song titles: "You Give Me Hard On," "Everybody's Fucking," "Opinions," "Sister Schizo" (which is actually pretty cool), and "A Reaction to the Election," which hints at a core of sanity within this individual. He whines: "I can't believe how stupid people are. Believe it Babe. (repeat)"

I thought the Residents were weird, at least they have sense enough not to show their faces. Ralph Records oughta check into Little Fyodor, as he has apparently checked out of society.

—Scott Stratton

Rude

Cassette single

I've been waiting for this one for a long time. Rude has always been a fave o' mine, so it's great to be able to listen to them without going to one of their ear-shattering shows. My only gripe about the tape is there are only two songs. I want more. On the A-side is "Dog Bone Dry." Back in December when I went to one of their shows at the Broadway, this song got the crowd off their chairs and jammin' on the floor. The second song, "Blue Sky Eyes," is a very sweet balad: Rude's first, really. Go pick up this single (Recycle Records, Wax Trax). For only a few bucks you can enjoy some original rock and get your money's worth out of a demo.

—Bradley Ryan.

Occam's Razor

(Demo)

This is how a Denver demo should sound. Raw. Raw like a newly dug-up gem, that if polished, could really shine. It features some cool guitar work, like the catchy riffs in "Full House," and the-up-and down growls of "Lap the Luxury." Sympathy for Lisa" has a tinged essence as well. I would love to hear more, and see what they're like live. —Bradley Ryan

Photo by Andrew Frey

Evulsion

Demo 91

At last, a recording from Denver's newest shred core band, Evulsion. I've seen this band before and was quite impressed with their speed and energy. The band's new tape, simply "Demo 91," is sure to get local attention and international success too, if properly marketed. Evulsion is Raphael Tapia on guitar/vocals, Virgil Garcia guitar/vocals, Dirk Trujillo Bass/vocals and Paul Sailis on drums. The drumming is relentless on this tape, and the vocals rip with integrity and emotion. My favorite track is "Mustard Gash," which couldn't have come out at a better time. "President Bush is sending me off to a fucked up war that he caused and I won't go cause it ain't right send him off and let him fight." My sentiments exactly! Other songs that grind are "Destitution," which confronts our homeless conditions, and "Tuna Rot," a love song in a sick sort of way. So go out and buy this tape, or write to Evulsion and be a part of the crowd that likes to be ripped apart by the roots. —Tom Clenin

Upstage

Demo

You read the interview last month. You've probably seen them at the Broadway or at After the Gold Rush, winning second in the battle of the bands. Now you can dig their eight best tunes any time you want. Killer vocals by Greg Dye and the dynamic guitar duo of Clint Stone and Scott Applegate have made this the most-listed-to demo tape in my collection. And kudos to bassist Ted Winslow and drummer Nick Fines for repletion. "Younger Days", "The Wind" and "15 Will Get Ya 20" are my favorites. Look for it at Outer Limits, Budget Tapes and Records and Recycle Records, or send a SASE to manager Bryon Woodard, 1010 Quitman St., Denver, CO 80204. —Bradley Ryan

Bloodstar

Bloodstar

Red Decibel/Desert Engine Records

There's Celtic Frost, there's Coroner and now also hailing from Switzerland is Bloodstar, a synthesized, drummerless trio composed of two guys and a girl.

This album is very black, very death and very fast. Unfortunately, most of the songs are the same tempo and are in the same key. The programmed double bass rips through the slow-grind-synth-and-guitar wall of distortion, while the vocalist (Rolf Brunner) growls a series of non-melodies. The combination works on a couple of tracks.

On "Dawn" and "Ten Thousand Tears," for instance, I like the hypnotic effect created by the jackhammer-tight drum part and the repeating riff. One instrumental, "Birds of Battle," disposes of the drums and flops out like a guitar vs. synth wrestling match being sucked into a black hole.

The band covers, and improves upon, the instrumental "L'alba Dei Morti Viventi" originally done by Italy's Goblin for the *Dawn of the Dead* soundtrack. This is my favorite cut on the tape.

Lyrically the album is good, although morose, but the lack of melody is a letdown for me. More could be done with this.

Overall, Bloodstar shows that synthesizers are not out of place in the powerful world of metal and thrash and that there is music in the aural image of ten tornados tearing up a junkyard. (Listen to "World is Dead" – at least that's my impression.

—Scott Stratton

KMFDM

Naive

(Wax Trax)

Rumors has it that KFDM stands for "Kill Mother Fucking Depeche Mode," which is a myth because it stands for "Kein Mehrheit Fur Dre Mit leid," which translates to "No pity for the majority." Well, KMFDM absolutely has no pity for the majority, because this is not for weak-hearted yuppies. Hard industrial beats with some grungy guitars make this third release much better than the last one, which was too much with rasta dubs. Good use of some scratching samples makes this record unique in its own way, and it is a lot harder, which is probably a lesson they learned as an opening act for Ministry. Some tracks are mixed by Adrian Sherwood (Nine Inch Nails, Tackhead, and every major industrial band), which is already a reason to buy this album. Well, let's say CD, because only the CD has additional songs, including the new KFDM hit "Godlike" and a live version of "Disgust." The cover is really cool and favorites on this album are "Naive," "Die Now—Live later," and "Go to Hell." The song "Naive" is probably the closest KFDM came to commercialism, but it is a really good dance track (check out the mix of "My Life" with the Thrill Kill Kult) and the Virus-Dub isn't bad either. This one is gonna blow your brains out and have the smoke exit your ears! Definitely the pick of the month for me. Swallow This! —Danny Bled

The Hollow Men

Cresta

(Arista)

The Hollow Men pull off what is an almost impossible feat: playing danceable pop music that is smart, fun and upbeat without being cloying, stupid, or endlessly repetitious. Okay, so maybe it's not impossible to make good pop music, but if you listen to the radio in this country, you might think that it must be. Madonna and Michael Jackson contest to see who can make music and videos with the most glittering surfaces and emptiest hearts, while aging icons of rock (i.e. Heart, Foreigner) cynically play sugar-coated ballads for the ugly dollar. But ever since the Beatles were exported to the U.S., much of the best pop music has come from the British, and the Hollow Men are looking to continue that tradition.

"Cresta" is the group's third LP, but their first to be released in the States, and the songs on it are real ear candy; melodic bass lines woven over with guitars and keyboard atmospherics, all surrounding the breathy voice of frontman David Ashmore like a feather pillow. In truth, Ashmore's vocal could be higher in the mix, but the wide, open backing tracks leave enough space to catch bits of his lyrics, peppered with cynical humor and literary allusions.

The first British single from the album, "November Comes," has a jangly, R&B feel to it, with scat-wah guitar a la the "Theme from Shaft," while "The Moon's a Balloon," the second British single, is less successful but still interesting with its tribal background vocals and lethargic keyboards. Songs like "Don't Slow Down" and "Barefoot Parade" more closely echo the typical English art-pop dance music that's been around lately, but gladly without the ceaseless, deadening repetition of inane choruses. "Misunderstood" is the last and best track, full of jagged, pulsing bass and ringing guitar.

I wish that I could use T.S. Eliot's poem "The Hollow Men" in this review, since the group fancies itself a quasi-literate outfit, but the poem is too dark and apocalyptic to suit the band's unembarrassed good-humor. —KBG

RECORD REVIEWS

Meat Beat Manifesto
99%
Electra

Meat Beat Manifesto has been around for quite a while and were just considered to be one of the many industrial bands that gave been struggling to make a good impression. Well, after this album has sunk into everybody's minds the struggle might be over for them. They've had quite a lot of exposure lately, with "Dog-Star Man" doing extremely well in the progressive dance clubs, and playing an opening spot for one of the many Nine-Inch Mails tours which unfortunately didn't come to Denver.

A second single came out, which was a remake from the Beatles hit "Helter Skelter" (which is covered by so many bands already), but they totally put their own stamp on the song, which doesn't *even* sound like the original. Meat Beat Manifesto consists of Johnny Stephens, Jack Dangers, Craig Morrison and Marcus Adams, and if you had to describe their sound it would be like a cross between Die Warzau and Front 242 thrown in with some rapping vocals a la Pop Will Eat Itself. You basically can't compare them with any other band because they're so unique.

What is so unique is that the singer raps much faster than the beat itself, yet it doesn't sound chaotic. Very well put-together lyrics with a no-nonsense hard-driving beat make these songs incredible dance hits. Check out also "Psyche-Out" and "10 Times Faster Than the Speed of Love" which are played everywhere now. Trust me, this is really, really good and referring to the title, don't be that 1 percent that won't hear this album. —Danny Bled

Ray Lema
Gaia
(Mango)

Gaia, by singer Ray Lema of Zaire, dances with animistic intensity: bright drumming, horns, and guitar slinking leads and rythmic accent through the structure. Ray's husky voice conveys lyrics respectful of the earth (the title means "earth"); and Ray's African embracement of deity and stages of life, like death. One cheerful-sounding tune, "N'dila," poetically tells of a man who sets out to attend his mother's funeral, but arrives too late. World Beat dance-music fans, take note of Gaia and Lema's 1989 Mango recording, Nangadeef. —Gregory Daurer

The Deltones
Oddball Boy
(Roir)

This eight-piece band gets billed as "U.K. Ska Chicks" because they play ska music and because all but one member are female. They consistently play happy, 60s Motown-sounding ska songs, with occasional surf guitar. The women sing the song titles over and over, so you can keep dancing and dancing! While I prefer the sax and horn instrumental numbers, for the most part, I'll sit this repetetive one out.
—Gregory Daurer

Blue Nouveaux
Darkness In Me
(Black & Blue)

Blue Nouveaux is basically just Celia Hemken, a young Englishwoman who writes all of the songs and plays all of the instruments on the album except for a couple of extraneous guitar parts. Unfortunately, poor production turns what was intended as a showcase for her talents into a clear definition of her limitations. Hemken's music is lush and lyrical, reminiscent of recent Kate Bush, with layered keyboards and moody vocals, but Peter Yarmouth's production gives the songs a home-recorded feel, adding unnecessary rough edges to music that needs to roll and sweep and flow. He places Hemken's vocal way out in front of the mix, which might work if she had a stronger voice, but she doesn't. This creates some embarrassing moments, particularly in the song "Lonely Like an Office Block," where some notes are gratingly out of tune. I can't help but believe that, given the opportunity, Hemken could have done a better take, and that the producer could have used some effects to make her voice less harsh and separated from the rest of the music. Also, Hemken's drum programming is too basic, and sounds as if it were done on a cheap drum machine. This album was an ambitious project for Hemken, and for Yarmouth. It's too bad that only one of them was really willing to give her all for the project. —KBG

Tad
8-Way Santa
(Sub Pop)

Here's fat in your face, you beauty-worshipping bastards; listen to the disdain for your TV-fed pablum image of the world, listen to Tad Doyle, 300-pound leader of Tad. This band rocks without fucking around, and says what it wants to say without compromising for MADD or SADD or any other bleeding heart group, and without going for cheap controversy. And Tad is about more than grunge—the album actually has songs that are distinct and listenable. Doyle's girth and the band's image as a bunch of homicidal rednecks aside, the music is some of the Stoogiest stuff around, with hints of Sabbath and the Pistols thrown in. Mosh to it, pretty people! —KBG

Dark Angel
Time does not Heal
(Combat)

Much time has passed since we have heard any new material from Dark Angel. Since they've spent the last few years touring pretty extensively, and the last album was live, I was anxious to hear the new stuff. The production shows off the ballsy guitar sound, and generally defines all the instruments better. Songs are slower, and have a more gothic sound. There are still a lot of interesting guitar riffs to check out, but they are delivered in a different manor than in their previous material. They seem to be going in the subtle rhythmic psychosis direction, rather than the fist-in-your-ass attitude of old, but it still merits a once-over.
—Andrew Frey

Front Line Assembly
Caustic Grip
Wax Trax

One of the best releases I recently found in the mail here is "Caustic Grip" from Front Line Assembly. This duo from Vancouver has been on the scene for a while (this is probably their 6th album, if you don't count those very limited releases and those 12" inch and mini-LP's). Group founder Bill Leeb (aka Wilhelm Schroeder) used to be in Skinny Puppy, but left the band after there was too much emphasizing on the theatrical stuff and all the blood in which he decided he wanted to do his own thing. While gazing through the album cover I noticed that longtime co-worker's Micheal Balch his credits were replaced by Rhys Fulber, which is totally new for me. But nevertheless, this is an incredible follow-up to "Gashed Senses and Crossfire," and is the same intense electronic body music that'll have you hypnotized for hours and begging for more.

It's also unavoidably being compared to Skinny Puppy because it's totally similar to them (maybe because the latter is the more successful one), but it won't take long before it might be the other way around.

"Resist," "Provision" and "Iceolate" are incredible pieces of industrial dance noise which will make you feel like you're having a pleasurable electrocution where your muscles seize up and you struggle for breath. Not everything is at the same level as these songs (it gets too repetitive), but it's still a lot better than all the crap like house music that is coming out these days.

This is the perfect album to hit the industrial dancefloor, which goes perfectly alongside the likes of Front 242, Revolting Cocks and Skinny Puppy. In this era where a great majority of releases are either 10th rate, diluted Acid junk or Dee-Lite wanna-be's, this is a refreshing example of electronic body music. Take your pick, you've got fewer and fewer choices left. —Danny Bled

PICK HITS

NWOBHM •

NEW WAVE OF BRITISH HEAVY METAL

So they want me to review this record, *The New Wave of British Heavy Metal: 1979 Revisited.*" But how do you review the Bible? The answer is you don't—you just try and put it into historical perspective.

The year is 1979. Punk has run riot over the British record charts for nearly three years. It's time for a change. The rockers (see *Quadrophenia*) are getting restless. They've had their fill of ska-inflected, badly played punk. The blights of such bands as the Police have already begun to numb the airwaves under the deceptive heading of "New Wave" (a curse which haunts us to this day, under the equally deceptive title of "alternative." Then, as now, the only alternative is to turn off the radio!).

The rockers had always been there; no media-created "youth craze" can convert the legions of hard-rock fans. But times were tough. Without the few dinosaurs such as Motorhead, Judas Priest, and AC/DC, fans of truly hard rock were experiencing some lean years. But we were always there. Or conspicuous in our absence, as Blue Oyster Cult discovered when they switched to AOR.

Punk took music out of the boardrooms and out into the street. Bands like the Clash and the Dead Boys showed us that *anybody* could do it. Fuck playing covers for ten years, hoping to get "discovered." Throughout the world, bands began discovering *themselves.* Seventeen-year-old kids *just doing it*, getting gigs together and playing their own songs. If the punks could do it, why couldn't the rockers do it? Well, they did, and their legacy lives on vinyl.

This era, which came to be known as the "New Wave of British Heavy Metal," was to influence hard rock for years to come. The pieces were all there, "the three D's" of metal: Drugs, Dames, and Devils. You'll notice on this compilation that all the bands started out on very small labels. The production leaves a bit to be desired (Martin Birch and Bill Laswell hadn't smelled the Big Bucks yet), but it's all there—the oompah beat, the raw falsetto, the solos and dramatic sound effects that were such anathema to the punk of that period.

There will be those who will argue that this isn't "real" heavy metal, and they may be right. The digital delay is noticeably absent from the mixes, and the money wasn't there for the pyrotechnics and ridiculous drumkits. Yet some of the punks caught on to the new underground-heavy metal. It was a logical step. In the next couple years you started hearing bands like Discharge and G.B.H., which is when the concept of thrash started coming up. But one listen to *Sanctuary* by Iron Maiden and you can see that it was all there in '79. Yeah, so then by '81, it had all degenerated into a race for the Land Speed Record and biggest lightshow competition. And while punk became a haircut, the Metal Nation split into two tribes—the Speed Cult and the Glam Cult. But both schools were there from the start, as you will see from this enlightening compilation.

It's interesting to note that all the ingredients were there for the anti-metal hysteria that continues to sweep the nation from time to time. But listen to the words; there is no cliche-ridden "Church of Satan" gore chop-chop yet. The lyrics seem to come from the heart, and are sung from a street-level perspective. There is none of the "I am the Lord of Evil" posturing that is so prevalent nowadays. These are ! Just like us! Just listen: These guys were heavily influenced by the backstreet ethic of punk, they didn't have that "rock-star attitude" that one sees in all the bands today because it wasn't a business yet. It was a *feeling*.

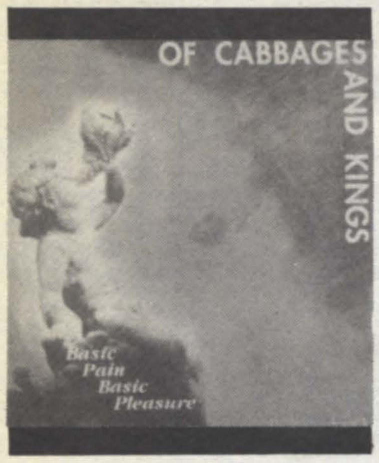
But it was all there from the start—the proverbial baby waiting to be sacrificed, the occultism, the long hair, the outlandish costumes. All it needed was some production and marketing. And the big money agents came right in and took it over. And yet another cliche was born. This record is a relic of the period before there was a "right way" to play Metal, and you didn't need an agent to do it. The ruthless glamorizing and exploitation of this movement is just another example of how the record industry has stolen every "youth movement" and turned it into Big Business.

Like it or not, this is your roots—and maybe the last time that anyone could honestly call heavy metal "underground."

—Tom Headbanger

Bands included on this compilation are Diamond Head, Sweet Savage, Saxon, White, Spirit, Raven, Paraflex, Def Leppard, Weapon, Samson, Hallow Ground, Girlschool, Witchfynde, Iron Maiden, Jaguar, Tygers of Pan Tang, Gaskin, Sledgehammer, Venom, Angelwitch, Trespass, Holocaust, Vardis and Blitzkrieg; CD bonus tracks by Dragster, A-II-Z, Witchfinder Genteral, Black Axe, Fist and Praying Mantis.

'79 REVISITED


OF CABBAGES AND KINGS
Basic Pain Basic Pleasure

Of Cabbages and Kings
Basic Pain Basic Pleasure
(Triple X Records)

Something horrible lurks beneath the surface of existence in modern society. It is the antithesis of comfort; a veritable storm subdued within the calm of everyday life. If you were to peel back the layers of peachy suburban security, the vicarious shelter of cable TV, and the mindless routine of the day to day, what would be revealed might drive you to create music such as that found on this album. Where Of Cabbages and Kings glimpsed this reality is a mystery. Well...they are based out of New York.

This anything but mainstream. Beautifully discordant and powerful, the music covers a broad range of intensity. It is supported by the sensational drumming of Richard J. Hutchins (who replaced Ted Parsons, now in Prong) and the unorthodox bass playing of Algis Antanas Kizys, who also sings. The alchemy seems perfect when combined with founding members Carolyn Master (guitar and vocal) and Diane Wlezien (vocals). This chemistry results in a scratching, pulsating soup of noise on "Land of the '57 Chevy" and a ripping 5/4 swing on "Crawl."

Keane's unique vocals are of pivotal interest in the listening experience. Not obviously feminine, they weave in and out of the best and worst qualities of both sexes. Her voice combines with Carolyn's on the song "Of Service" in a way reminiscent of Kantner and Slick of Jefferson Airplane. She wails seemingly out-of-tune (although perfectly executed) B-52-like lines in the closing section of their remake of Traffic's "John Barleycorn Must Die." But don't be fooled. This is *is not* a 60's band. This version sounds more like the Meat Puppets heavier stuff.

The recording quality is superb. The music is raw and loud without sacrificing dynamics or sounding overly produced. Guaranteed to twist the eardrums right out of your head.
—Scott Stratton

Kreator
Coma of Souls
(Epic)

If you like listening to old Kreator, you'll like this. That's what I didn't like about this new record. As much as I liked Extreme Aggression, I was expecting something with a now and original sound, which I felt this new record, "Coma of Souls," doesn't have to offer.

I grew bored listening to it because a lot of the riffs sound like old Kreator. The one song I felt was the strongest and stood out the most on the record because of its original sound is "When the Sun Burns Red."

In my opinion bands that take a risk to be different and original with each new record will do better in the long run. They'll grow more as a band musically, and chances are still keep all, or most of their fans.
—Krissie Anderson

Exhorder
Slaughter in the Vatican
(R/C)

From the rip-your-head-off and shit-down-your- thoat school of thought comes the hate metal band, Exhorder. Nothing tame, nothing lame. It's such a masochistical pleasure to be beaten senseless with this music. The sandpaper vocals are spit into your ears and invite you to share in their tails of desecration and disbelief. Each listen brings the joy of being able to hear the music again, and potentially absorb another incredible detail of this orchestrated mayhem. Highly recommended.
—Andrew Frey

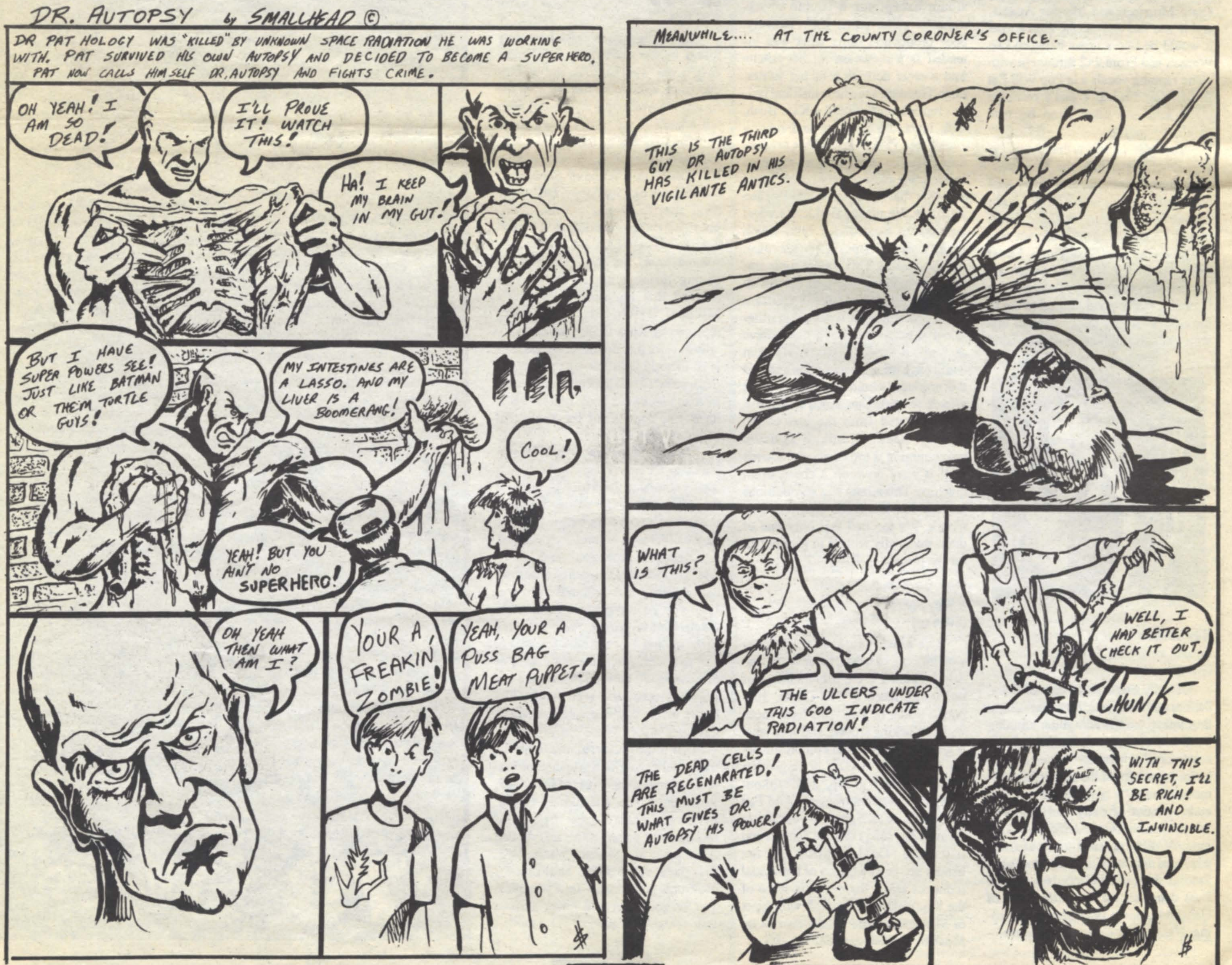
Cancer
To the Gory End
(Silent Scream Recordings)

After blasting Cancer for a couple of days, I felt my grip on the recording was tight enough to give my opinion. As I sat in the faint glow of LED lights buried in the red zone, I realized I couldn't see to write and had to resort to real light. Right off, I liked the fact there wasn't an intro like the majority of today's bands. It went straight into a non-stop, aggressive, heavy, 9-song recording. The vocals are raspy and coarse, but still understandable without reading along. I must admit however, there's nothing original about the music or the lyrical content. It's the typical rotting flesh that everyone else has done. Everything taken into consideration though, I would recommend it as a good excuse to destroy your house and get your aggression out. I wouldn't rush right out and skip a payment on your mom's life-support machine to get Cancer, but you still may want to include it in your death metal collection.
—Joel Wilson

WINTER
INTO DARKNESS

Winter
Into Darkness
(Future Shock)

From the distorted rumble of a not-too-distant world, Winter slowly eases you into their bleak, no-color world. The music definitely sets the mood. Dark, somber, and powerful. These guys remind me a lot of Godflesh, but without quite as many samplings. Winter has some, but they are added more for effect, rather than a musical mainstay. The music feels intentionally repressed and held back. Nothing ever gets too out of control or too fast. They call for your attention, out of their oppression, and try to share it with you. Hear the chilling sounds of Winter. I think this may be one time you *like* the cold.
—Andrew Frey


DR. AUTOPSY by SMALLHEAD ©
DR PAT HOLOGY WAS "KILLED" BY UNKNOWN SPACE RADIATION HE WAS WORKING WITH. PAT SURVIVED HIS OWN AUTOPSY AND DECIDED TO BECOME A SUPERHERO. PAT NOW CALLS HIMSELF DR. AUTOPSY AND FIGHTS CRIME.
OH YEAH! I AM SO DEAD!
I'LL PROVE IT! WATCH THIS!
HA! I KEEP MY BRAIN IN MY GUT!
BUT I HAVE SUPER POWERS SEE! JUST LIKE BATMAN OR THEM TURTLE GUYS!
MY INTESTINES ARE A LASSO. AND MY LIVER IS A BOOMERANG!
COOL!
YEAH! BUT YOU AIN'T NO SUPERHERO!
OH YEAH THEN WHAT AM I?
YOUR A FREAKIN' ZOMBIE!
YEAH, YOUR A PUSS BAG MEAT PUPPET!
MEANWHILE.... AT THE COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE.
THIS IS THE THIRD GUY DR AUTOPSY HAS KILLED IN HIS VIGILANTE ANTICS.
WHAT IS THIS?
THE ULCERS UNDER THIS GOO INDICATE RADIATION!
WELL, I HAD BETTER CHECK IT OUT.
CHUNK
THE DEAD CELLS ARE REGENARATED! THIS MUST BE WHAT GIVES DR. AUTOPSY HIS POWER!
WITH THIS SECRET, I'LL BE RICH! AND INVINCIBLE.

GRIND

Here we are, 1991, and where is our thrash-metal scene going? Where is the sincerity, the true grind? And why do so many bands fall off the deep end, into cliched riffs and closets full of black clothes?

I stopped asking myself those questions years ago, because the underground sucked me in and saved me from a world of sellout thrash bands that at one time had the ability to impale the eardrums of any sick thrasher with an ear for good grind. This underground I speak of is a dark place where you find the fastest, most brutal grind, and only the strong survive.

Which brings me to the Gods of Grind, Napalm Death. Originating in 1981 as just a crash-influenced band that went through the motions (not to mention more than a few bandmembers). This phase lasted about four years. Then Mick Harris joined the band, bringing with him the speed influence that would change Napalm Death's sound forever (anyone who has listened to ND knows that Harris is one of the fastest and most precise death-grind drummers around).

In 1987 bassist Shane Embury joined the band. "I was a big fan of Napalm Death and I knew Mickey; we used to tape-trade, and we were both influenced by all these hyper-fast bands," Embury says. "We're the only two original members, really."

Vocalist Barney Greenway and guitarists Jesse Pintado and Mitch Harris (formerly of Righteous Pigs) complete the current lineup. It is the heaviest ever, complemented by the brutal guitar of Pintado (formerly of Terrorizer) and the deep, spiteful growls of Barney (who joined up after jamming with Benediction).

"Mick and I wrote to Jesse and Mitch for years," Embury says. "They were big fans of Napalm Death and we liked their bands, so when they left those bands we were fortunate enough to bring them over to England."

Even though all five members jam with other bands, Napalm Death is the main project, and Embury says there will not be any new releases from any of these other bands.

"There will not be another Terrorizer or Defecation," he says. "There may be another Righteous Pigs' release if there's time, but we're all pretty happy now. Everybody's putting in 100 percent. It's a lot more together now than it ever was."

has already sold 40,000 copies overseas on England's Earache label, which recently started distributing its albums in the U.S. through Combat Records. More than 25,000 copies have been already been sold in the U.S., and they should be available in stores everywhere soon. (Other Earache/Combat releases include albums by Carcass, Entombed, Morbid Angel and Bolt Thrower.)

"We're very happy with the new LP," says Embury. "It sounds different from the old Napalm Death. Due to production it sounds cleaner, but we're happy with the songs."

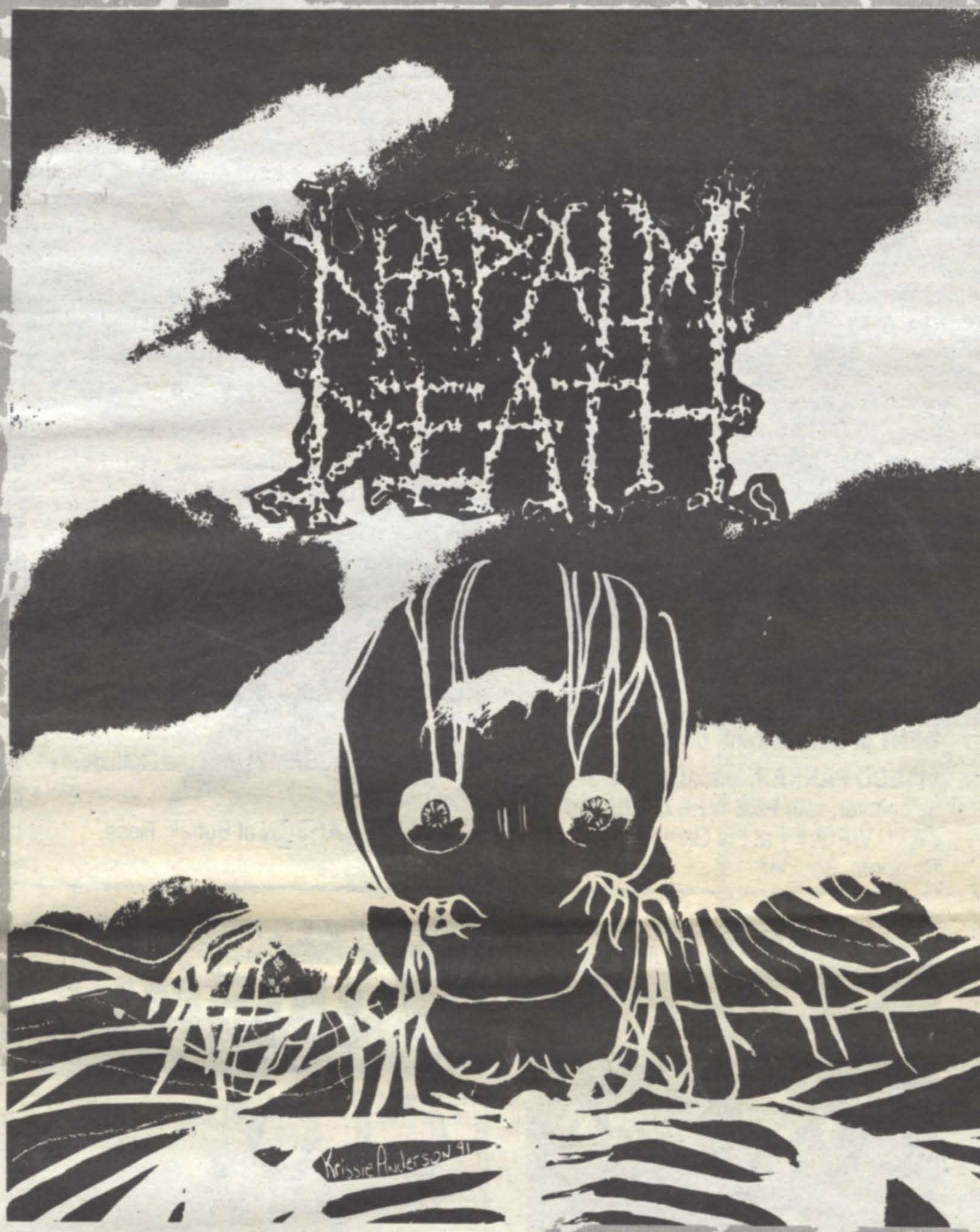
I'm sure that anybody who has it also appreciates it, because it flat out kicks ass. And if you haven't heard it yet, get it on CD and you'll get the "Mentally Murdered" EP as a bonus. At this point you're probably saying to yourself, "So when the hell are they coming to Denver," right? From the sound of things, they've had a busy year—and thankfully, there are no signs of things letting up.

"In 1990 we played 70 or 80 shows, and it's been pretty wild," says Embury. "We'll probably be in the States in February or March and do three or four weeks on our own, then hook up with Sepultura for about three months. We played three shows with them in Brazil and it was good. I imagine we'll be coming through Denver during that part of the tour. We can't wait to get over there."

I can't wait either, and I know all you grind maniacs feel the same way. Incidentally, Napalm Death also has a new video, *Live Corruption*, which captures the band at their brutal best.

"We recorded that video in an old church that had been converted into an art center," Embury says. "It turned out pretty good, and if we ever do one again, we'll probably bring in some other, more interesting stuff, like interviews and things like that. But I like the live video because it's short and straight to the point."

In fact, the whole Napalm Death image is straight to the point: They like it fast and they like to grind, and that's how it should be. No black clothes and cheezy metal riffs for these guys. Their music is truly brutal death-grind, and when they come to your town you'd better be ready for the most ruthless attack on your senses, one that will leave you with the eternal urge to disembowel your pet pee-ons—posers, yuppies, politicians, and anyone else who gets in the way of your daily grind.



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CALENDAR

FEBRUARY

FRIDAY 1

LITTLE FYODOR, PIL-BUG and **PEOPLE ON ORGANIC PILLS** at the Broadway.

KEYSTONE BEER MOTOR SPECTACULAR featuring Hot Rod Mud Racing, Monster Truck Challenge, Super Pull Championships and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle Michelangelo at the Denver Coliseum.

COLORADO SHOWCASE IV...RATED XXX, with **VILLAIN, PSYCHODELIC ZOMBIEZ, BLONDE BOMBSHELL, DAMEN WIYLDE** and **STRAPLESS**, at the Aztlan Theatre.

MOLLEY HATCHET at Buffalo Rose.

ROK TOTS and **CHOOSEY MOTHERS** at Zenobia's.

SATURDAY 2

BLUE OYSTER CULT at the Gothic Theatre.

KEYSTONE BEER MOTOR SPECTACULAR (see 2/1).

STEVE FORBERT at Herman's Hideaway.

MOLLY HATCHET at Buffalo Rose.

SUNDAY 3

KEYSTONE BEER MOTOR SPECTACULAR (see 2/1).

WEDNESDAY 6

DAVID WILCOX, PATTY LARKIN, CHRISTINE LAVIN and **JOHN GORKA** at the Gothic Theatre.

SATURDAY 9

EVULSION, PHANTASMORGASM and **ROT** at Northside Community Center.

DR. JOHN at the Boulder Theatre.

MONDAY 11

DARK SHADOWS with **GALLERY** at the Garage.

TUESDAY 12

LYNCH MOB and **STEEL HEART** at Bangles.

WEDNESDAY 13

WRETCHED REFUSE and **THE DECADENT** at Ground Zero, Boulder.

MAECO PARKER, former James Brown sax player, with **PEE WEE ELLIS** and **FRED WESLEY** at the Glenn Miller Ballroom, Boulder.

MONDAY 18

FALLING JOYS at the Garage.

WEDNESDAY 20

ZACHARY RICHARD and the **BON TON BOYS** at Ruby's.

REGGAE WINTERFEST featuring **BRIGADIER JERRY, SISTER CAROL AND THE HIGH LIFE PLAYERS**, Boulder Theater.

THURSDAY 21

ZACHARY RICHARD and the **BON TON BOYS** at Ruby's.

FRIDAY 22

ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND at CU Boulder Fieldhouse.

SCORPIONS and **TRIXTER** at McNichols Arena.

SATURDAY 23

IRON MAIDEN and **ANTHRAX** at McNichols Arena.

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY at the Gothic Theatre.

NICOLETTE LARSON at Buffalo Rose.

TUESDAY 26

KILLING JOKE at the Gothic Theatre.

SAWYER BROWN at Grizzly Rose.

WEDNESDAY 27

GIL SCOTT HERON at the Mercury Cafe.

THURSDAY 28

GIL SCOTT HERON at the Mercury Cafe.

MARCH

FRIDAY 1

DAEVID ALLEN at the Mercury Cafe.

BLUES TRAVELER at the Gothic Theatre.

SATURDAY 2

INSPIRATIONAL CARPETS at the Glenn Miller Ballroom, Boulder.

FRIDAY 15

PHISH at the Gothic Theatre.

Wednesday 27

Hemp Tour 1991 at Temple Events Center. **Jack Herer, Ben Masel, Robin Heid, Blair Wilson,** and **Doc Ross** are scheduled to speak.

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CLUBS

CLOT clubs listings are **FREE**. Mail to P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248, Attn: Calendar Editor, or call 455-5312 with updates.

Annie's Place 454 E. Malley Dr., Northglenn, 457-0776. X-Plicit 2/1-2; X-Plicit 2/6-9; Lil' Dreamer 2/13-16; Bugsy Malone 2/20-23; Typer Gore 2/6-28.

After the Gold Rush 5255 W. 6th Ave., 232-7874. Rock. Call club for schedule.

Arap's 3866 S. Broadway, 761-7823. Cathy Burns and the Red Hots 2/1; Hammerin Hank 2/8; Down Home Again 2/15; Hot Pickles 2/22.

Bangles 4501 E. Virginia Ave, 377-2701. Sheer Threat 2/1-2; X-Plicit 2/4; Lil' Dreamer 2/5-9; Benefit for Children's Hospital 2/10; Caught in the Act, Strange Parade, Valor, Angellic Rage 2/11; X-plicit 2/12; Lynch Mob and Steel Heart 2/13-16; Bugsy Malone 2/17; Valor and Bugsy Malone 2/18; Stomp 2/19-23; Mata Hari 2/25; Classic Rock night with Last Child, Powerage, Dash Rip Rock 2/26.

Basin's Up 1427 Larimer, 623-2104. Call club for schedule.

The Beach Grill 5551 W. 88th Ave., 428-7700. Promise 2/1-2; Jessie Murray Jones 2/8-9; Roundtree 2/15-16; Jessie Murray Jones 2/22-23.

B.C. Sports Lounge 6501 W. Mississippi, 936-8513. Plan B 2/1. Call club for additional dates.

Big City Lights 7000 W. Colfax, 234-0061. Problem Child 2/4-10.

The Boulder Theatre 2030 14th, Boulder, 444-3600. The Samples 2/1; Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen w/ Rhythm Method 2/8; Dr. John & His Band 2/9; Michael Hedges 2/15; Big Head Todd & the Monsters 2/16; Reggae Fest V 2/20; Loudon Wainwright III, 2/22; The Mellow Fellows 2/23; The McGarrigle Sisters 2/28; Blues Traveler 3/8-9; Phish 3/13; Tom Rush 3/16; Wynton Marsalis 4/2; Claudia Schmidt 4/6.

Brandy's Lounge 770 28th St., Boulder, 449-3800. Hitmen 2/1; Boogiemen 2/8; Big Swifty 2/15; Dexter and the Dialtones 2/22.

The Broadway 1082 Broadway, 860-7558. People on Organic Pills w/ Pill Bug and Little Fyodor; Andresen w/ Risky and Third Mist 2/2; The World Famous Twister Band w/ LRT and Organized Confusion 2/4; Quick Possession 2/5; D'Priest 2/6; The Obliterators w/ Dollhouse 2/7; Stange Parade w/Negative 13 and Third Mist 2/8; Strange Parade w/ Hardluck Kid and Upstage 2/9; Sleepy Hollow w/ Lese Majesty and Outlander 2/11; Squealer and Villain 2/12; Amethyst w/ Leviathon and Squealer 2/13; Baron Saturday w/ Window Pane and The Moles 2/14; Honest Engine w/ Axen Granny and Wicked Sensation 2/15; Honest Engine w/ Rude and Alibi 2/16; Soren w/ Damon Wiylde and The Obliterators 2/18; Upstage and Quick Possession 2/19; Outlander w/ Hard Knox and Organized Confusion 2/20; Hanging Tree and Kind-A-Like-A-Forhead 2/21; Gypsy Rose w/ Stapless and Tesseract 2/22; Gypsy Rose w/ Upstage and Villain 2/23; Window Pane w/ the Push 2/25; Outlander 2/27.

Buffalo Rose 1119 Washington, Golden, 279-5190. Molly Hatchet (sold out) 2/1-2; Della Street 2/6-10; Windfield 2/13-16; New Riders of the Purple Sage 2/16; Chris Daniels and the Kings 2/19-24.

Bull & Bush 4700 Cherry Creek S. Dr.759-0333. Legendary 4-Nikators 2/22; Every Thursday starting 2/14 will feature acoustic music.

Chianti's 235 Fillmore, 393-7700. Call club for schedule.

Club Cancun 4151 E. County Line Rd, 770-7722. Split Decision 2/7.

Club Peaches & Pit 38th & Wadsworth, 420-8702. Call club for schedule.

Cricket on the Hill 1209 E. 13th, 830-9020. Tracy Edwards 2/1-2; Open stage 2/3; Sonny Gunn and Richreno Band 2/4; Tracy Edwards 2/5; Last Fair Deal 2/6; Love Whips 2/7; Mr. Percy and the Sisters of Mercy 2/8; Tangibles 2/9; Open stage 2/10; Hammerin Hanks 2/11; Night Drivers 2/12; Last Fair Deal 2/13; The Tremblers 2/14; J.D. and the Love Bandits 2/15-16; Open stage 2/17; The Sonny Gunn 2/18; Tracy Edwards 2/19; Last Fair Deal 2/20; Kidd Pharoah and the No Goods 2/21; Theresa Lynn Band 2/22-23; Open stage 2/24; Mavericks 2/25; Night Drivers 2/26; Last Fair Deal 2/27; Love Whips 2/28.

Dr. Proctors 4201 E. Mississippi, 756-1665. 5 After 5 2/1-2; 5 After 5 2/8-9; 4-Play 2/15-16; 4-Play 2/22-23.

Ecks's Saloon 9890 W. Girton Dr., Lakewood, 989-2991. Call club for schedule.

El Chapultepec 1962 Market, 295-9126. B J Allstars w/Billy Tolles 2/3-6; Freddy Rodriguez and the Jazz Connection 2/7-9; Eddie Harris 2/14; Dick Johnson 2/21-23.

End Zone 455 Havana, Aurora, 364-6855. Trilogy 2/1-2; Straight Away 2/8-9; Whisper Alley 2/15-16; The Bouncers 2/22-23.

Falcone's 1096 Gaylord, 777-0707. Laura Newman and A.O.A. with Natalie Renee all this month.

Franklin's 1641 California, 825-7803. Men About Town 2/1-2; Rude Culture 2/8; Gypsy Rose 2/9; Elikpink 2/14-16.

The Garage 2301 Blake, 296-6628. Roots Redemption 2/2; Kid Pharaoh 2/8; Bethnal Green 2/9; Falling Joys w/ 40th Day 2/18 (all-ages); The Simpletones 2/25.

Gothic Theater 3263 S. Broadway, 789-1050. Blue Oyster Cult 2/2; On a Winters Night 2/6 Front Line Assembly 2/22; Killing Joke 2/26; Phish 3/15.

Ground Zero. 1360 College, Boulder, 444-5333. Wretched Refuse w/ the Decadent 2/13.

Herman's Hideaway 1578 S. Broadway, 778-9916. Firefall 2/1; Steve Forbert 2/2; Bob Yeazel Band 2/6; T.B.A. 2/7; Chris Daniels and the Kings 2/8; Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown 2/9; T.B.A. 2/13; Mortal Engines 2/14; Monkey Siren and World Report 2/15; Leroy Shakespeare and the Ship of Vibes 2/16; Johnson Brothers 2/20; Euphorics 2/21; Kingfish 2/22; Joe "King" Carrasco 2/23; T.B.A. 2/27; Shaker Round 2/28.

Hotel Boulderado 2115 13th St., Boulder, 442-4344. Call club for schedule.

Iliff Park Saloon 2300 S. Chambers Rd., 696-1404. Lionize 1/29-2/3; Core Zero 2/5-10; Vendetta 2/12-17; Windfield 2/19-24; Borderline 2/26-3/3.

Jazz Works 1634 18th St., 297-0920. The Brad Leali Quartet 2/1-2; Dona McGee & the Blue Notes 2/3.

Jet Lounge 2589 W. Main, Littleton, 798-4952. Theresa Lynn Band 2/9.

JJ McCabes 945 Walnut, Boulder, 449-4310. Acoustic Junction 2/2; Paul Soderman and the BBC every Monday.

Junque's 390 Retail Center, Broomfield, 469-5865. Peace with Hope 2/1-2; The Boomers 2/7-9; Lionize 2/14-16; Spectators 2/21-23; Smoking in Bed 2/28.

La Coupole Cafe 22nd at Arapahoe, 297-2288. Paul Warburton, Dale Bruning and Ron Washington 2/1-2.

Laddy's 9660 Ralston Rd., Arvada, 431-1212.Lil' Dreamer 2/1-2; Mark Henderson 2/3; Randy Handley Band 2/8-9; Dick Frost 2/10; Core Zero 2/15-16; Mike Strapelli 2/17; Lip Service 2/22-23; Fundraiser for Jenny's Kids 2/24.

LaGuardia's Lounge 3001 W. 71st Way, Westminster, 426-5546. Call club for schedule.

Lido Lounge 127 E. 20th, 295-9068. Call club for schedule.

Little Bear 28075 Hwy 74, Evergreen, 674-9991. Commander Cody 2/7; Kingfish 2/21.

London Pub 1245 W Belleview, Littleton, 794-3913. Call club for schedule.

Mall Exchange 1585 Lawrence, 573-1400. India 2/1-2; Tsunami 2/8-9; Break Away 2/15-16; Dotsero 2/22-23.

Maxx's Eatery and Lounge 8501 W. Bowles, Littleton, 979-9179. Eric and Todd 2/8-9; Susie and Chris 2/14; Rayners Lane 2/15-16; Mr.E 2/ 22-23; Every Wed. and Sun. is Ron Berg.

Meister's Night Club 5402 North Sheridan, 433-1450. Vendetta 2/1-2; Bugsy Malone 2/6-9; X-Plicit 2/13-16; Lil'Dreamer 2/20-23; Suspect 2/27-28.

Mercury Cafe 2199 California, 294-9281. The Healers 2/1; Subdudes 2/2; BBQ Bob 2/3; The Faction with Kelley Moon 2/5; Daevid Allen 3/1.

Off the Mall 1617 California, 825-5354. The V.I.P's 2/1-2; Harvey Mitchell Blues Band 2/4; Chris Daring and the Silver Arrow Band 2/6; Diana and the Bigtime 2/8-9; The Johnson Brothers 2/13; Indeya 2/14-16; Rich Relations 2/22-23. Every Monday is Harvey Mitchell Blues Band.

Ogden Street South 103 S. Ogden, 722-0592. Call club for schedule.

Outback 3141 28th, Boulder, 444-0081. JD and the Love Bandits 2/1-2; The Feds 2/8-9; The Wild Cards 2/15-16; Big Bang with Joe King Carrasco 2/22; Big Bang 2/23.

Patrick's 1770 So. Buckley Rd, 745-4120. Dick Frost 2/1; Comedy 2/2; Major Fingers 2/8-9; Comedy 2/16; Accusticats 2/22-23.

Penny Lane 1738 Pearl, Boulder, 443-9516. Call club for schedule.

PJ Goodvibes 7129 Sheridan, Westminster, 427-8391. Shameless 2/5-10; Eden 2/12-17; Lionize 2/20-25; Lionize 2/27-3/4.

Quigley's UMC, Boulder, 492-7704. Call for line-up.

Rock Island 164 15th, 572-7625. Call club for schedule.

Rear Inn Lounge 4491 W. 80th Ave, 426-4500. Insatiable 1/31-2/3; Squeezrs 2/4-17; Insatiable 2/18-28.

Rock Palace 7300 E. Hampden. Call club for schedue.

Ruby 708 E. 17th Ave, 831-8990. Randy Handley Band 2/4; Ruby Tuesday 2/5; Monkey Siren 2/6-7; Zora Young 2/8-9.

Shark's 4851 E. Virginia, 329-0895. Elik Pink 2/1-2.

Sonesta 8800 No. Grant, 430-8017. Avante Garde 1/29-2/2; Audition nights 2/3-4; Lionize 2/5-10.

Sports Channel 10286 N. Federal, 469-1411.

Tequila Sunrise 840 Lincoln, 837-8921. Every Thursday night is open stage.

Tulagi 1129 13th, Boulder, 442-1369. Contra Band 2/1; Animal Zoo 2/2; Ant Bea 2/6; Life Size 2/9; Freudianslip 2/13; Doug and the Thugs 2/15; Shaker Round 2/16; The Terry Farmer Bead Band 2/18; Freebeer 2/20; Contra Band 2/22; Animal Zoo 2/23; Mustang Lightening 2/27.

Underground 4701 National Western Dr., 293-2462. Call club for schedule.

Whiskey Bill's 7290 W. Colfax, Lakewood, 232-6314. Call club for schedule.

York St. Cafe 2239 E. Colfax, 331-0533. Dotsero 1/31-2/3; Nelson Rangell 2/7-10; Nelson Rangell 2/14-17; Nelson Rangel 2/21-24; Dotsero 2/28-3/3.

Zenobia's 1278 Pennsyvania, 831-4448. Rock Tots w/ Choosey Mothers 2/1; Love Whips w/ Mike Spike and the Reactions 2/2; Echo Twins 2/8; Uncle Ubb w/ Baron Saturday 2/9; Life Size w/ Support 2/15; Simpletones w/ Turnsol 2/16; Choosey Mothers w/ Malice in Wonderland 2/22; The Push w/ Upstage 2/23.

Ziggie's Saloon 4923 W. 38th Ave., 455-9930. Alice Ray and the Haystackers 2/1; Burnt Lips 2/2; Kidd Pharoah 2/6; Emilio Music 2/7; The Tremblers 2/8; Hammerinhanks 2/9; Kidd Pharoah 2/13; Jinns 2/14-15; Kidd Pharoah 2/16; Emilio Music 2/21; Stickyfingers 2/22; Tremblers 2/23; Emilio Music 2/28.

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I've had more than my share of bad habits over the years, and I've managed to overcome most of them, except for two real nasty ones—nail-biting and "power TV." Nail biting is kinda gross because nobody wants to hold hands with someone who has short bloody nail-stumps and perpetually has one hand in their mouth. It's pathetic to see a poor nail-junkie, with all fingers and toes chewed to the stub, wandering aimlessly through the crowd, hoping some kind soul will lend a hand to chew on. It's a terrible chemical addiction, but at least it's legal.

"Power TV" is an obsessive/compulsive disorder which I developed as a child growing up in the 60's. When I came home from school and turned on the TV for a dose of cartoons, I was always inundated with special reports, Vietnam death counts, political talks, hippies and "flower children" preaching peace and love, drugs, rock music, protesters being beat up and shot, Kennedys' assassination, race riots, etc. Being too young to understand or appreciate all this, I just wanted to watch my damn cartoons. So I developed the habit of rapidly switching from channel to channel in search of less dismal programming. This behavior continued on through the Watergate years, and became a great way to "fast-forward" through ads and other bullshit on television.

On the night of January 16, as our United States launched war on Saddam Hussein, both of these habits came back in full force. Modern technology made it possible for me to take a 50-yard line seat in the Middle East. Just like watching a Bronco game, except that our team wasn't getting beat. The actions in the Middle East were coming into my house within just a few seconds after they occurred. Red-eyed and wired on coffee and fingernails, I flipped madly through the channels as Bush launched his blitzkrieg on Iraq. The reporter in Saudi Arabia said bunches of fighter bombers just took off...the next channel had a guy in Baghdad saying planes and missiles were coming in...(flip)...now Bush's on the air sternly announcing war...(flip)...back in Baghdad, strategic sites are going up in flames...(flip)...Dan Rather and Walter Cronkite being cautiously optimistic...(flip)...a Saudi refinery may have got hit by an Iraqi missile...(flip)...we're kicking ass...(flip)...no we're not...(flip)...PLO condemns our actions...(flip)...boring press "pool footage" (must be a lull)....terrorist attacks in Italy...(flip)...a group of well-meaning protesters who did not vote for this stupid war are staging a large rally...(flip)...Tel Aviv gets hit...on Wall Street, stocks are up, oil prices and the value of the dollar are going down...(flip)...bombs land on Jordanian border town (oops)...Turkey jumps in...(flip)...Soviet troops on alert...Hussein's still being an arrogant bastard...more terrorism...a few of our boys get shot down...Libya condemns us, Castro condemns us...we're kicking ass...we control the air...people everywhere freaking out....

In the time it takes for a speeding electron to travel 12,000 miles I watch play-by-play as full-scale war unfolds. Isn't this modern technology wonderful? We can murder people in the dark of night with sophisticated weapons, as we sit thousands of miles away watching it all happen via sophisticated electronic communications networks. Never mind the fact that murder is a sin, and our budget is being trashed by defense spending—we're kicking ass and our brothers and sisters risking death over there are doing a great job.

Politics aside, our soldiers deserve thanks and respect for having guts enough to risk their lives for such a shabby paycheck. We could've stayed out of things and allowed the sand-dwellers to have their own private playpen, to play rocket-roulette in their ever-teetering balance of powers, without involving American face or lives. We could've sheepishly been happy to buy whatever oil we could from whoever was in control, because we'd *still* pay less for gas than any other country, and because $1.50/gallon is *still* better than putting oil rigs in the middle of your favorite American wilderness area, or spilling oil all over your local endangered species habitat.

Any idiot could've seen this war brewing five months ago, and we all should've known something was wrong when conservative leaders and little blue-haired Bible-thumpers started condoning the president's actions as he basically committed us to war without any congressional approval. August 7th was when we *really* committed to war. Congress *had* to approve the war last week, or they would've lost face and made bad political waves. Think of the protests *that* would've caused!

And speaking of protests, take a lesson from the 60's...don't run around now, protesting like a crazed radical, shouting about "Mother Earth and Oedipus Exxon," when you could've actually *done* something about this problem four months ago. And if you were one of the few justifiably mad people who really *did* something four months ago, you still shouldn't protest and behave radically. Because when this war is over, the can of worms that George Bush has just opened will finally be sorted out. And *then* you will have the chance to get the appropriate jerks removed from their ivory (or petro-plastic) towers. And you will probably have lots of support from tons of nail-junkies who watch Power TV....(flip)....and now....(flip)....back to less dismal programing....—Frank Roncalio

JF RYS
DONOVAN ©

QUESTION:

WHAT DO THE FOLLOWING MUSICIANS HAVE IN COMMON?

Toshiko Akiyoshi Acoustic Alchemy **Joan Armatrading** David Baerwald **Adrian Belew** The Black Crowes **The Bodeans** Charles Brown **Jimmy Buffett** Sam Bush **Charlotte Caffey** Larry Carlton **Mary Chapin Carpenter** Betty Carter **Felix Cavaliere** Excene Cervenka **Johnny Clegg** Albert Collins **Shawn Colvin** Joanna Connor **Cowboy Junkies** The Damn Yankess **Devo** Jerry Douglas **Melissa Etheridge** Tim Finn **Bela Fleck** Pat Flynn **Russ Freeman of the Rippingtons** David Friesen **The Graces** Nanci Griffith **Jeff Hanna** John Wesley Harding **Jerry Harrison** Jeff Healey **John Hiatt** Hot Rize **Joe Houston** House of Freaks **Glenn Hughes** Jimmy Ibbotson **Indigo Girls** Innocence Mission **Colin James** Bob James **The Jinns** Eric Johnson **Stanley Jordan** Peter Kater **Al Kooper** Alison Kraus **Uwe Kropinski** k d lang **Howard Levy** Ramsey Lewis **Laurie Lewis** Wendy Maharry **Edgar Meyer** The Mighty Lemon Drops **Katy Moffatt** Charnette Moffet **Bill Monroe** The Motherfolkers **The Neville Brothers** Tim O'Brien **Mark O'Connor** The Ocean Blue **Bill Payne** The Primitives **The Radiators** The Raindogs **The Rainmakers** Bonnie Raitt **The Ramones** The Rave-Ups **The Red Hot Chili Peppers** The Replacements **Zachary Richard** The Roches **Joe Rockman** Peter Rowan **Todd Rundgren** Michelle Shocked **The Smithereens** The Subdudes **Sweethearts of the Rodeo** Take 6 **Fingers Taylor** James Taylor **Texas** The Tom Tom Club **Tuck and Patti** Stevie Ray Vaughan **David Wilcox** Roy Wooten **Victor Wooten** The Yellowjackets **Warren Zevon**

ANSWER:

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VIDEO MANIA

RAMBO REDUX: HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR

By E. C. Jr.

Friend, are you depressed? Has all the saber-rattling and weenie- wagging on the airwaves got you down? Are you having trouble grasping the notion of a "good war"? Do you lie awake at night wondering how middle America can be feeling so euphoric about our headstrong rush to Armageddon? Do you ask yourself, "Where did all this insanity come from?"

Blame the movies. I do. For the past seventy years or so, we've been told over and over that war may be hell, but it's also noble, just, colorful, and terribly exciting. Little wonder, then, that the slob on the street has been cheering on the fighting in the Persian Gulf as if it were just a big football game; chances are the slob on the street gets his ideas about war from *Rambo III*.

Hitler had Leni Riefenstahl (director of the documentary *Triumph of the Will*) to bang the drum for his dream of an Aryan master race. Hollywood has done its share of whoring, too, churning out propaganda films to "build morale" on the home front—and score at the box office at the same time.

In fact, movies and government seem to have an unspoken arrangement when it comes to war. During World War II, conservative Warner Bros. came up with a pro-Stalin fantasy called *Mission to Moscow* at the State Department's request; for the Cold War that followed, the commies became the bad guys. John Wayne told us why we were in Vietnam in *The Green Berets*, and what the Duke did for Special Forces, Tom Cruise did for Navy recruitment in *Top Gun*.

When you get right down to it, most movies about war are propaganda of one kind or another, an uncomfortable mix of melodrama and "message" and pandering to popular sentiment. That goes for knee-jerk antiwar films, too, like the simple-minded *King of Hearts* or the simpering *Platoon*. If you're looking for a more provocative treatment of the subject, check out these classics, all of which bring home the authentic stench of madness found in every war:

Grand Illusion (1937)—Jean Renoir's study of French soldiers in a German prison camp during WW I deals not only with issues of nationalism but of class structure, peeling away the myths that drove officers and gentlemen to slaughter one another. A must-see.

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—David Lean's epic account of the Arab Revolt, now available on video in a "restored" version, offers not only spectacle and powerhouse performances but a brilliant look at the warrior psyche. Begins as an overblown tribute to the romantic hero (T.E. Lawrence, played as a tormented neurotic by Peter O'Toole) but winds up as a cynical lesson in the politics of imperialism. Find out how the mess in the Middle East was spawned by competing European interests, and why we're still wrestling with the "Arab Question" today.

BORN TO KILL

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—Glasnost can't dim the impact of this savagely comic vision of the ultimate nuclear nightmare. Terry Southern's script captures the tortured logic of strategic doublethink, and Slim Pickens' yee-haw ride to doom remains an unforgettable image, anticipating the cowboy posturing of the Reagan-Bush years. Best line: "Gentlemen, you can't fight in here! This is the war room!"

*M*A*S*H* (1970)—The TV series sanitized this Robert Altman broadside a great deal, substituting oh-so-wry Alan Alda and a lot of feel-good wackiness for the gore and psychosis of the feature film. Find an uncut version of the original, and you can almost smell the seared flesh in this dreary Korean field hospital—and the horniness, the boredom and blasphemy, the petty sadism and crude jokes, all strategies to distract our boys (Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and yes, creepy Robert Duvall) from the horror of the business at hand.

The Big Red One (1980)—Tough-guy director Sam Fuller made a lot of war movies. This was his valedictory, a blood-and-guts portrait of a rag-tag infantry squadron making its way across Europe in the final months of WW II. Corny at times, almost a parody of old war flicks, but ultimately quite engrossing; it strips away the bravado to show that the poor grunts on both sides are simply scared shitless, trying to get out alive. Lee Marvin as the war-weary sergeant is the heart of the movie.

Full Metal Jacket (1987)—Stanley Kubrick's contribution to the Nam movie sweepstakes, based on one of the best Nam novels, Gustav Hasford's *The Short Timers.* This one got lost in the glut of Viet rehashings, and its no-star cast (Matthew Modine?) didn't help win it an audience. Still, this may be Kubrick's finest statement on a theme central to almost all his films, the group mentality and its dehumanizing effect on the individual. A hypnotic tour of Marine basic training, including the psychic demolition of one recruit, is followed by a stark rendition of the Tet offensive of 1968. "This is my rifle, this is my gun..."

Honorable mention: *All Quiet on the Western Front* (the definitive WW I picture), *The Great Dictator* (Charlie Chaplin as tyrant Adenoid Hynkel of Tomania), *The Steel Helmet* (Sam Fuller's Korean opus, hard to find), *Paths of Glory* (more Kubrick, dealing with a WW I court martial and execution), *Catch-22* (WW II through the eyes of a pilot seeking a Section 8), *Johnny Got His Gun* (the polemical source for the harrowing footage in the Metallica video *One*), and *Hearts and Minds* (influential 1974 Vietnam documentary).

MAIL *Continued from page 4*

SURF SAUDI ARABIA

Dear Andy,

I got your magazines, thanks. I guess you heard, I'm taking a little vacation to the mild-east. After all, here it is the week before Christmas and the temperature is still in the 80's. I work from 2 p.m. 'til midnight, so I've got time to run and lay out by the pool everyday. It would actually be a nice assignment of it wasn't for the threat of war.

Now back to reality. I could really use a bottle whisky. I don't understand how a whole country could stay a dry country for this long. Another problem the Air Force overlooked is women. There are only 30 or so women for over 1000 men. Talk about some sore women. I know there's going to be another baby-boom after this war's over with.

There's not much I can tell you about this place because I work with the F-117A Stealth Fighter and it's still pretty classified. I do know I hate working with the people who have been with the plane for a long time. They've been in a black world for so long they've forgot what the real world is like and they're stuck-up.

That's all I have to tell you. Since I already missed Christmas, drink a couple for me on New Year's Eve. I'll stop in and see you when this is over.

Friends,

Dean

Operation Desert Shield

Dear Editor,

The conflict in the Midle East has many sides to it. Some people are for the war and likewise, some are against it. Each of the sides of the matter have their reasons to debate. Whether or not you are pro or anti-war is for you to decide.

The first question you have to ask yourself is why you think we are there. Are we there to help the helpless country of Kuwait against its larger and more powerful neighbor Iraq, or are we concerned about the oil that is being threatened? I believe that we just want the oil to drive our gas-guzzling, air polluting cars. What do you think?

I could go on telling you why I am against this war, but I would rather tell the people that are against the war about the protest that is going on. To protest the war all you have to do is tie a white bandana around your left arm. You just keep wearing the arm band until all our troops are out of the Middle East. Tell any one that you think would be interested. Pass the word: united we stand, divided we fall.

I hope that after reading this article you will participate in the protest and think about what is going on over there. To obtain a white armband you can make one yourself from any old shirt or sheet.

Nik Odell

Boulder, CO

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Musicians Wanted

Wanted: Lead vocalist for progressive hard rock band. Will be doing studio work and shows in very near future. Equipment and balls a must. No BOZOS! Call or lv message. Steve 421-2514, Mike 936-4601, Ian and Darren 987-3420.

Well-motivated h/c punk band seeks drummer w/equipment. No skinheads 367-5432.

Working rock band Looking for professional rock/guitarest/sings lead vocals for hardrock top 40 F/T band. Holly 420-3403 anytime, or leave message.

Ex-Psychonaut guitar player seeks drummer. Influences include Slayer, Kreator, Overkill, etc. Call Eddie at 986-6250.

Nocturne seeks lead vocalist with wide range of vocal abilities. Wide range of heavy influences. All originals. Call George at 429-3932 or Bob at 428-3454.

The Judge needs a drummer. Influences include Motorhead, Ramones, Maiden, AC-DC. All original. Call Chris, 830-1686.

Versitile Female Singer/songwriter looking for musicians interested in an original band. Lv. message for Fate 722-9653.

Malice In Wonderland seeks solid dedicated bassist. Into Iggy Pop, T-Rex, Johnny Thunders and Robert Johnson. Relocating to L.A. in June call Rhoades 665-4313.

All Original melodic sleaze metal band seeks bassist w/ professional gear, image, chops and attitude, Austin 839-1261.

Aeriax seeks lead/rhythm guitarist for original thrashing metal moshing sound. Call Art 433-8151 or Eli 422-9339. If your not serious don't waste our Fucking time!!!

Female drummer and female lead guitar to complete all female band. Mostly original heavy metal, serious musicians only. Laura 696-8703.

Bass player and lead guitarist wanted for all original melodic metal thrash band. Into Suicidal, Savatage, Rough Cutt, Anthrax. Full set, equipment, own practice place. Career minded. Joe or Thor at 733-9364.

Soul Children to form a flannel/glam band. Something like a cross between Dinosaur Jr. and T. Rex. String sections? Kevin 786-7117 in Boulder.

Hard rock band seeks lead vocalist and drummer. No drugs, no booze. Influences The Cult, Hanoi Rocks. Age 18-23 only. Ed Morrison 894-0802.

Domination seeks experienced bass player and drummer. Must be fluent in all metal and hard rock styles, and ready for the road in the spring. Call Bret at Snake Eyes Productions 752-2767.

Drummer with personal style and an adventurous attitude. Seriousness is a must. You will have a place to stay, no metal heads. Into Adolescents, G.B.H., Reagan Youth and Social Distortion. Call Johnny (719) 544-8249 between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Bassist and vocalist sought for hardworking original progressive metal band with rehearsal space in Boulder. Call Scott 494-9043.

Musicians Available

Bassist seeks open-minded guitarist, drummer, singer for progressive/hardcore band. Influences: Bad Brains, Primus, Rush, Voivod, I. Maiden, Murphy's Law, P. Floyd, and more. Call Bill, 758-8190.

Bassist available for dedicated band! All kinds of metal! Influences: Suicidal Tendencies, Gwar and Faster Pussycat. No Posers. Call Brandon anytime. 789-2755.

Experienced bass player wants to join steadily working top 40 rock band. Have equipment, transportation and can sing. Call Shawn, 290-1303.

Experienced lead guitarist available. Doc Ross (formerly with Enemy Ace) is now available for audicians. Been playing for 15+ years. Can play styles ranging from early 70's hard rock to 90's metal/thrash. Fast learner. Call Doc at 665-0950 or lv. message.

Speed/Death Metal rhythm guitarist. Call Nick 666-9480. Influences: Cannibal Corpse, Deicide, Pestilence, Kreator, etc.

Experienced vocal/lead guitar wants to join est. Death Metal band. Entombed, Napalm. Jeff, 582-3309.

Drummer looking for band. Have double kit. Emphasis on original rock-metal-thrash. Call Rick, 795-1002 (H.), 795-5655 (W.).

Beginning bassist looking to join a dedicated band. Fast learner, young. Call Brandon anytime, 789-2755.

Guitar player interested in building up some unique sound. Personally, I have a gothic rock image. Not technical type, but emotional. Influences: The Cult, The Doors, The Ramones and more. T.M. 830-8468.

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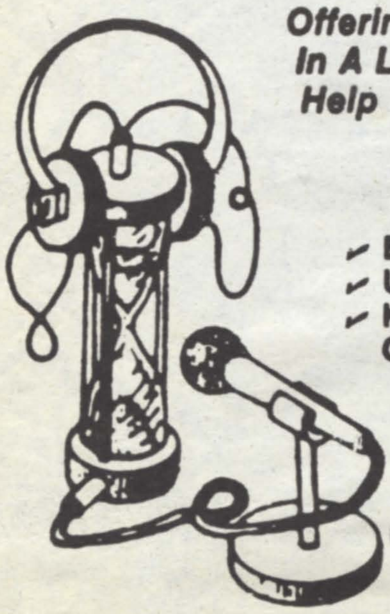

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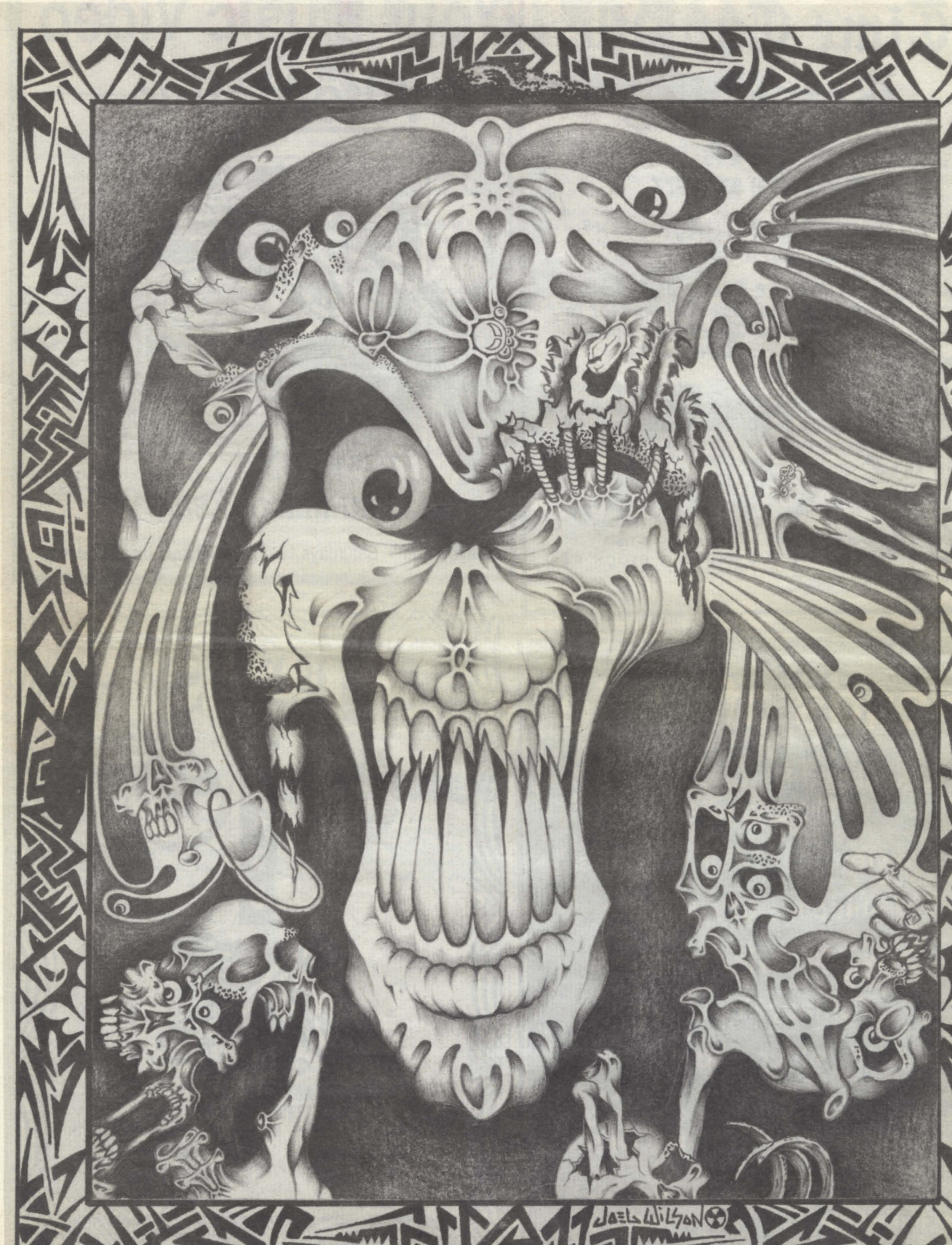
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